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ACTING CHARADES

OR
DEEDS NOT WORDS.

A CHRISTMAS GAME



TO MAKE A LONG EVENING SHORT

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LONDON D. BOGUE 86 FLEET ST

INTRODUCTION.

THE French have made themselves singularly famous by their "*petits jeux*" as they call them. Their inability to sit still for more than half an hour has forced them to invent a long list of amusing excuses for locomotion. They have their "*Pigeon Vole*," and "*Main Chaude*" or "*Berlingue*" and "*Chiquette*," and a thousand other receipts for making a long evening short.

But the most celebrated of all these *petits jeux*, are their "*Charades en Action*." *Pigeon Vole*, and all the rest, have given way to these Acting Charades. No birth-day is allowed to pass without playing at them. The young and the old both delight in the game ; and invariably choose it. The old people lay aside their dignity with a look of jovial martyrdom, and laugh more than any one else ; whilst—as if to apologize for their apparently unbecoming levity—they tell you "they do like to see young people enjoying themselves."

Some persons have even acquired a kind of reputation as Charade actors, and are in such request that invitations shower down from all quarters ; and if they can only be engaged, it is looked upon as a kind of certificate that the party is sure to be a good one.

Lately, the game has been introduced into the drawing-rooms of a few mirth-loving Englishmen. Its success has been tremendous. Cards have been discarded ; and blind-man's buff

forfeits, and hunting the ring been utterly abandoned. On Christmas day, it has been looked forward to, and entered into with as much energy as the sainted plum-pudding itself. We have seen it played among literary circles with unbounded mirth. We have seen philosophers and poets either acting their parts with all the enthusiasm of school-boys, or puzzling their brains to find out how they could dress as Henry VIII., with only a great coat and a "gibus."

This game is, as its name expresses it, a Charade, acted instead of spoken. The two most celebrated performers of the party choose "their sides," and, whilst the one group enacts the Charade, the other plays the part of audience. A word is then fixed upon by the *corps dramatique*; and "my first, my second, and my whole" is gone through as puzzlingly as possible in dumb show, each division, making a separate and entire act. At the conclusion of the drama, the guessing begins on the part of the audience. If they are successful, they in their turn perform; if not, they still remain as audience.

The great rule to be observed in Acting Charades, is—silence. Nothing more than an exclamation is allowed. All the rest must be done in the purest pantomime.

If in the working out of the plot, there should be some sentence that it is impossible to express in dumb-show, and yet must be made clear to the audience, then, placards may be used. As Hamlet says, they must "speak by the card."

This license may also be taken advantage of in the scenic department. For instance, it would be utterly impossible for the audience to know that the drawing-room wall before them

is meant to represent a "magnificent view on the Rhine," or "the wood of Ardennes by moonlight," unless some slight hint to that effect is dropped beforehand. In this case it is better to follow the plan so much in vogue about Queen Elizabeth's time, and which, for simplicity and cheapness, has never been surpassed. At the commencement of each act, hang against the wall a placard stating the scene that ought to be represented.

The audiences now-a-days are no doubt quite as accommodating as in the sixteenth century. Then, the same curtain that had served for "Ye pavelyon of Kinge Richarde," could, in the waving of a placard, be changed into "Ye feildes of Bosworthe;" and, there is no doubt but that in these days, a fashionable drawing-room assembly would believe any thing you could tell them.

By this simple method, the most expensive scenery can be commanded at any time. The palaces can be golden without any additional cost, and lakès can be fairy-like at a moment's notice. There is also this advantage,—as each spectator will be his own scene-painter, the views are sure of giving general satisfaction.

Another very important point with Acting Charades is the proper delivery of the gestures in the pantomimic readings of the parts. Every actor ought to study the different expressions and suitable actions of the passions. So much depends upon this, that, under these circumstances, perhaps it would be better to draw up a kind of code of expressions, or laws for the better regulation of frowns, smiles, and gestures.

LOVE, one would think, is too well known to require many directions. The pressing of the left side of the waistcoat or the

book muslin, the tender look at the ceiling, and the gentle and elegant swinging of the body, have, since the days of Vestris, always accompanied the declaration of a true devotion in the upright and dumb individual. The flame may perhaps, be made a little more devouring by the kissing of a miniature, or the embracing of a well-oiled ringlet or figure-of-six curl.

RAGE, like a mean husband, can only be managed by fits and starts. It may be pictured to an almost maddening amount by the frequent stamping of the foot, and the shaking of the fist. Frowning, and grinding of teeth, should be accompanied by opening the eyes to their greatest possible size; and, if a great effect is desired to be produced, the room may be paced, provided the legs of the performer are of a sufficient length to enable him to take the entire length of the apartment in three or four strides.

IN DESPAIR the action is slightly altered; there, the limbs must almost seem to have lost their power. The actor must sink into a chair, pass his hand through his hair, with his five fingers spread open, like a bunch of carrots, or else, letting his arms fall down by his side, remain perfectly still—like a little boy on a frosty day—either gazing at his boots or the ceiling. Despair is made more tragic by a slight laugh, but this must only be attempted by the very best tragedians, on the principle that laughter, like the measles, is very catching.

HOPE, like a sovereign sent by post, is seldom properly delivered. Here there must be no violent gestures—everything must be soft and pleasant. The finger must be occasionally raised to the ear, and the performer's countenance wear a bright smile and a look of deep intensity, as if listening to the soft still

voice within. The ceiling may be looked at frequently, and the bosom pressed; but, if great care is not taken, and the hands are not frequently clasped at arm's length, the audience will be imagining you are in love—and in a state of love of course one is quite hopeless.

DISDAIN is perhaps the easiest passion to be expressed. The dignified waiving of the hand, and the scornful look, gradually descending from top to toe, are well known to all who have been mistaken for waiters at evening parties. The eyes should be partly closed, the nose, if possible, turned up, the lips curved, and the countenance gently raised to the ceiling.

If any embracing should be required in the course of the piece, it is—under the present arbitrary laws of society and mothers—better to leave this interesting process to husbands and wives.

The effect, from the sheer novelty of the situation, will be startling. If they should refuse, the old theatrical plan should be resorted to—press heads over each other's shoulders, and look down each other's backs.

Many pieces conclude with a blessing. This is simply done by raising both the hands over the heads of the kneeling couple; look steadily at the ceiling till the eyes begin to water, and move the lips slowly, as if muttering. At the conclusion, the tear can be dashed away, and always has a very pretty effect. Weeping is generally performed by burying the face in the handkerchief, bending the head to the breast, and nodding it violently.

The great difficulty to be overcome in Acting Charades is the absence of a theatrical wardrobe. Very often it is neces-

sary to dress as a Roman, a Persian, or a Turk. Sometimes an ancient knight is wanted in full armour. We have known Louis XIV. called for in a full court dress, and only five minutes allowed for the toilet. In all these trials the mind must be exerted with high-pressure ingenuity. The most prominent characteristic of the costume must be seized and represented. In the Roman, a sheet will do for a toga ; in the knight, the coal-scuttle for helmet, and the dish-cover for breast-plate, make capital armour ; and in Louis XVI., the ermine victorine wig, for well-powdered peruke, and the dressing-gown for embroidered coat, would express pretty well, the desired costume.

Great coats, veils, whips, walking-sticks, aprons, caps, and gowns, must be seized upon and used in the dressing up of the characters. No expense should be spared, and every sacrifice be made, even though the incidents of the piece should include the upsetting of a tray of tea-things, or the blacking of all the young ladies' faces.

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CHARADES IN ACTION.

COURTSHIP.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

COURT--

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE.	COUNSEL.
PRISONER (<i>a Sailor</i>).	EIGHT LADIES (<i>his Wives</i>).
JURYMEN.	POLICEMEN.
	SPECTATORS.
	&c.

TIME—*Before supper-time.*

SCENE—*A Court of Justice. At back of Drawing-room the Lord Chief-Justice's easy-chair, and ottoman for Counsel. To the right, sofa for Jurymen. To the left, fire-screen for Prisoner's dock.*

FLOURISH of splendidly-imitated trumpets. Enter procession in following order :—The USHER, holding the carpet-broom of office ; His



HONOUR, robed in gorgeous dressing-gown, and wearing a magnificent wig of ermine victorine; the COUNSEL, carrying carpet-bags, holding briefs of music, and properly wigged with night-caps; the wretched SAILOR, who stands charged with the dreadful crime of polygamy, in the close custody of the JAILOR, bearing the street-door key of office, and endeavouring to restrain his Prisoner from dancing the hornpipe.*

As soon as Prisoner is safely secured behind fire-screen, he again breaks out in a hornpipe, when

Enter the eight PLAINTIFFS (ladies whom the inconstant Prisoner has respectively married in the several ports he has visited). They are natives of various countries, and dressed in their different national costumes.



At sight of the vile Sailor they are deeply moved, and intimate a strong desire to get at him.

Enter JURYMEN, who are immediately packed into the sofa.

Counsel for prosecution, in the most electrifying dumb show, proves, by pointing and frowning at Prisoner, who is still dancing, what a villain the man is. He shows the validity of each marriage by putting an imaginary ring on his third finger; and having referred to the case of "LACHI DAREM—in RE DON GIOVANNI," *Italian Duets*, Vol. II., demands, by a thump on the ottoman, that the scoundrel should be punished with the utmost rigour of the law.



Judge, putting on the black hat, proceeds to pass sentence of death on the wretched Prisoner, who evinces the utmost callousness by doing the split in the hornpipe.

The Wives no sooner hear their joint Husband's doom

* Unfortunately for the pantomimic art, the hornpipe is the only means left for proving that a gentleman in black continuations is a sailor.

than an affectionate rush is made towards him, which the wretched man perceiving, he seeks safety in flight.



TABLEAU.

ACT II.

--SHIP.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAPTAIN.

SAILORS.

PASSENGERS.

&c.

SCENE—*The deck of that fast-sailing craft, the Front Drawing-room.*

Enter CAPTAIN, with noble cocked-hat, made out of yesterday's *Times*, and hair-brushes for epaulettes. He shouts through a set of quadrilles, when



Enter several tight lads, who proceed to the music-stool to heave at the capstan and weigh the imaginary anchor : whilst others pulley-oi at the larboard bell-rope to let out gallant maintop ceiling. Two more brave



boys take the wheel, and, by means of the arm-chair, steer the room beautifully.



PASSENGERS on after-ottoman now begin, by wild gesticulations—



the turning up of eyes, and the sudden application of handkerchiefs—to intimate that they have passed the Nore Light ; whilst others, leaning

over the backs of their chairs, implore their neighbours, in the most affecting pantomime, to throw them overboard.

Enter STEWARD with basins, at which the passengers make a simultaneous rush. He also enables several poor creatures—who are walking about in the most extraordinary manner, and rolling from side to side of drawing-room—to reach their berths.



Presently a fearful storm is supposed to arise. The Passengers, binding life-preservers of comforters round their waists, jump hurriedly from their berths, and, springing over the sides of the ship, strike out for the door, where *exeunt omnes*.



ACT III.

COURTSHIP.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD FATHER.	HIS DAUGHTER.	HER LOVER.
RETAINERS.	LAWYER.	&C. &C.

SCENE—*Apartment in mansion of Old Father.*



Enter DAUGHTER, who shows, by pressing her side and swinging about, that she is deeply in love. She commences laying a table for two, and, having set down a lovely round of cold bandbox, she again expresses her fondest devotion for one of the knives and forks.

Sweet plaintive sounds of a splendidly-executed whistle are heard without. She claps her hands, and

Enter LOVER in full uniform of the new police, richly silvered with chalk. He glances anxiously at the cold round of bandbox, and then gives vent to the wildest movements of joy. They advance to table, and feast commences. Just as he has



helped himself to the lid, a loud and continued knocking is heard without. They become agitated; and Lover, endeavouring to avoid an angry parent's just wrath, seizes some bread, and plunges beneath table.

Enter OLD FATHER, suffering acutely from an attack of suppositious gout, and forced whilst walking. his surprise at pleased when intended for growing tired vours to snatch his angel's

ther alarmed on seeing the mysterious hand, and, jumping from his seat, drags Lover from under the table. Grand exposure. He is about to curse the villain, when

to use brooms
He expresses
banquet, but is
he learns it was
him. Lover,
of bread, endea-
some meat off
plate. Old Fa-



Enter LAWYER with placard announcing that the scoundrel has just come into a coronetcy and £2,000,000. He crowns him with a ducal meat cover. Old Father relents, and blesses his children. Retainers and maid of all work rush in, and arrange themselves into the subjoined



GRAND TABLEAU.

FIREWORKS.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

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### ACT I.

#### FIRE--

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A LADY.      PARISH BEADLE.      TURN-COCK.      LITTLE BOYS.

SCENE—*Outside of Lady's house.*

Enter LITTLE BOYS, with paper frills round necks and long pinafores on. They begin dancing about, and pointing to ceiling in the direction of Lady's house, to intimate that the kitchen chimney's on fire.

Enter LADY in great state of alarm at the cries of "Fire." She looks up, and then exit Lady rapidly.

Enter PARISH BEADLE in his full uniform, wearing a lady's coloured travelling cloak for coat, and the footman's gold-lace band on his hat. In his hand he carries the man-servant's tall walking-stick.

Enter troop of LITTLE BOYS and GIRLS, in pinafores and frills, dragging by a comforter the music Canterbury for the parish engine.

Enter TURN-COCK, who turns on the water, at an imaginary plug, with the kitchen poker. Beadle and Turn-cock then advance to the door of Lady's house, and keep giving single knocks, but nobody will answer. Little Boys and Girls keep jumping about all the time, and putting their hands up to the sides of their mouths, as if they were shouting fire.

Enter Lady's head through half-opened door. Turn-cock demands his fee, and Beadle requests that he may be paid the expenses of



## FIREWORKS.

bringing out the parish engine. Lady refuses to pay them. Turn-cock points to the palm of his hand several times in an energetic



manner, but the Lady will not listen to him, and keeps shaking her head. Beadle attempts to enter, when Lady closes the door violently.

They, with much ceremony, take the number of the house, and exit Beadle and Turn-cock, followed by parish engine and Little Boys and Girls dancing.



## ACT II.

### -WORKS.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TAILORS.

BOOTMAKERS.

CARPENTERS.

MILLINERS.

DRESSMAKERS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMAN.

SCENE—*A large work-room.*

Enter TAILORS, who seat themselves cross-legged upon the ottoman, and begin working at coats and waistcoats, cutting out patterns with the tongs for shears, and ironing their work with a flat-iron for goose.





Enter **BOOTMAKERS**, who begin repairing boots, putting the ends through *à la mode des* cobblers, whilst others hammer away at the soles, and some cut out shapes on the pasteboard with a table-knife.

Enter **MILLINERS**, who arrange bonnets on umbrella-stand in supposed window, whilst the **DRESSMAKERS** gather round, and all of them begin working at the same *robe*.



Enter **CARPENTERS**, who commence repairing a chair, whilst others are French-polishing the boudoir.

Enter **LADIES** and **GENTLEMAN**. The Ladies advance to the Milliners, and hold up their hands in admiration of the bonnets in the hat-stand. They try them on before the



glass. Others hand to the Dressmakers brown parcels of silks they have brought with them, and describe by their actions the exact style in which they wish them to be made up. The Gentleman requests the Tailor to show him his patterns, and minutely examines a panorama of London that is held up before him. He fixes upon one, and desires to be measured. Next he patronizes the Bootmaker, and is shown some Wellingtons, which he forthwith purchases.

The Carpenter also disposes of his chair, and a bargain is struck for the boudoir.

Exit Ladies and Gentleman, followed by Tailors, Bootmakers, Milliners, and Carpenters, who bow them out into the passage.



## ACT III.

## FIREWORKS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

WAITERS, &amp;c.

SCENE—*Vauxhall Gardens on a gala night. At the end, window curtains arranged as seat with table. The countless lamps, statues, fountains, and grottoes can only be imagined and not described.*

Enter LADIES and GENTLEMEN, who walk about the gardens with umbrellas up, whilst others seat themselves under window curtains.



Enter WAITERS with dishes and glasses, which they place on table bower of window curtains.



Suddenly a bell is heard to ring violently in the passage, by means of the tongs and the poker, and the Ladies and Gentlemen, with their umbrellas still up, form themselves in a ring round the door.

Then the well-imitated ascent of a rocket is heard ush-h-h-ee-ing without, and the crowd, looking towards the ceiling, cry, Oh! oh! oh!



which is followed by a loud bang! This is repeated several times, until at last the quick succession of ohs! and bangs! tell that the grand display of rockets has gone off, and the Ladies and Gentlemen make for the door as quickly as possible.

# BLACKGUARD.

## A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

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### ACT I.

#### BLACK--

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ELDERLY BACHELOR.

YOUNG WAGS.

SCENE 1—*Second floor back of elderly Bachelor.*

Enter ELDERLY BACHELOR, who seats himself in arm-chair, and commences reading *Sunday Times*. He turns to the advertisements, and reads intently. Suddenly he jumps up, and kisses the second column of the advertisements, then presses it to his heart, and, in impassioned dumb-show, informs the audience that he must hasten to meet some one in the passage, and, by holding his clasped hands towards the ceiling, intimates that he will force her to accept his love. He snatches up a pen, and writes a letter. Having folded it up, he seizes his hat and umbrella, and rushes forth.



SCENE 2—*Waterloo Bridge by night.*

Enter YOUNG WAGS with the letter written by Elderly Bachelor. Whilst one of them pretends to read it, the others lean one ear forward to show they are listening attentively; and, by holding their sides, intimate that they enjoy the contents marvellously.

Suddenly they point to the door to tell that the Bachelor is coming, and one of them runs out, whilst the others all retire behind the window curtains.

Re-enter Young Wag with friend dressed in a lady's gown, and a thick veil thrown over her head. The Young Wag also retires behind curtains, leaving Young Lady alone.

Enter Elderly Bachelor. He sees the Lady, presses his heart, and points towards her. She lets fall her pocket handkerchief as a signal. Then elderly Bachelor rushes towards her, and, falling on his knees, declares his passion. Giggling heard behind window curtains. He leads her to ottoman, and prevails upon her to be seated. He offers her his hand and well-filled purse. She consents. He then begs of her to show him her face. She refuses, but he pleads so earnestly that at last she is persuaded. On lifting the veil, he falls back in horror at finding she is—black. Wags rush out.



## ACT II.

## --GUARD.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HORSE-GUARD. HIS CHARGER. YOUNG LADIES AND OLD LADIES.

SCENE—*The exterior of the Horse-Guards, with stall under window-pole for Guard and his Charger on duty. The clock seen on the mantelpiece in the distance.*

A TRUMPET is heard, when

Enter GUARD, mounted on the back of his gallant CHARGER, which he guides to the sentry stall under window. On his head is his helmet,\* and on his shoulders are hair-brush epaulettes; on his breast he wears bright dish-cover cuirass, and his moustache is of the finest burnt cork, or bird's-eye tobacco.



No sooner has he taken his post than

\* The very best imitation helmet that can be made is the coal-scuttle. Some people object to it, and prefer the water-can; but it's nothing to the coal-scuttle.

Enter several LADIES, who gather round Guard. Some of them express their admiration of his beautiful eyes; others, in their love for him, stand for minutes with clasped hands, and intimate by their gestures that they are suffering from acute sideache. Every moment the crowd round stall increases, and the last arrivals dart angry glances at the early comers. The Guard smiles graciously at all, but in particular to an OLD LADY with a well-filled purse hanging from her arm.

Trumpet heard in distant passage, and exit Guard on his Charger.

Re-enter Guard. The Ladies crowd round him. Some present him with screws of full-flavoured tobacco. He is gracious to those who



give him anything, but, above all, his admiration is rivetted on Old Lady with heavy purse. The others perceiving that, despite their presents, he slights their love, grow jealous of Old Lady, each moment becoming more and more violent, and gathering menacingly round Guard.



At last enter small battalion of Guards, who try to disperse the small mob; but in vain. An imaginary Magistrate makes his appearance. He pretends to read the riot act from a piece of music, but without effect; the Ladies still cling to the Life-guardsman. At length the Magistrate, by well-expressed gesticulations, directs the soldiers to present walking-sticks. They do so. At the sight of this the Ladies scream, and run off in all directions.



## ACT III.

## BLACKGUARD.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR.    HIS RIVAL.    OLD LADY AND FAMILY.  
 MOB.    POLICEMAN.

SCENE—*Charing Cross. To the right are seen two of the opposition Conveyance Association sofas, waiting, on their way to Bank, for passengers.*

Enter OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR and his HIS RIVAL in greatcoats, and comforters round necks. On their breasts they wear their saucepan-lid badges. They each mount their sofas, and, holding up their fore-



fingers, lean forward *à la Taglioni*, hailing the distant passers-by. Every now and then they turn round and shake their fists at each other, putting themselves into the much-admired attitudes of street disputants.

Enter OLD LADY and and FAMILY of four sweet children in great



hurry, and all holding up their fingers to stop omnibus. The Conductor and his Rival descend, when a violent struggle to possess the fares takes place. Two of the children are carried kicking to one sofa, and two are thrust into the other, whilst Old Lady wrings her hands, and by her action intimates she is calling Police. The Conductor and his Rival

return to Old Lady. Each seizes an arm, and endeavours to drag her to his omnibus. Old Lady resists, expressing the strongest indignation. All the time the men are abusing one another, and each insisting in violent gesticulation that the Lady called him first. At last one drags away her shawl, and the other her bag.



MOB gathers round, and insist on Conductor and his Rival "letting the Lady alone."

Enter POLICEMAN, who immediately releases Old Lady, liberates kicking family, and takes the numbers of Conductor and his Rival.

The Lady expresses great gratitude to Policeman, and takes an ivory card-counter from her purse to give to him. Policeman turns his head away.



# MISCHIEF.

## A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

### ACT I.

#### MISS--

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD LORD.      ARCHERS.      MUSICIANS.      SERVANTS.      &c.

SCENE—*Splendid Turkey carpet lawn, surrounded by magnificently veneered woods. In the distance is seen (the music) Canterbury. At one end of scene the window curtains pitched as tent. Chairs for Visitors.*

Enter OLD LORD, surrounded by SERVANTS, who cheer him. On his breast he wears the star of the oyster scallop.



Enter MUSICIANS, who forthwith commence tuning their bellows, and ascending the chromatic scale on their pokers-à-piston. (*Soft music.*)

Enter LADIES and GENTLEMEN, as merry foresters—the Ladies with pea-jackets over their dresses, and large bulgy umbrellas slung at back for quivers; the Gentlemen with their collars turned down, and their what-do-you-call-'ems tucked up above their Wellingtons; in their hands they carry their unstrung whips for bows. The Visitors are graciously received by the Old Lord, who exhibits to them the

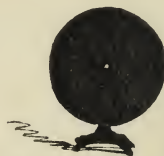




splendid bright poker they are to contend for. (*Soft music.*)

Enter Servants, who arrange the loo-table as the target.\*

The archery commences in a most spirited manner, the barbed walking-stick darting from the twanging whip as fast and as far as it is possible to throw it. Not one can hit the bull's-eye of the loo-table. At last the Old Lord takes his whip. All look on with anxiety. He shoots, and the sound of broken glass tells that the arrow has smashed the conservatory. All laugh, and call upon the only remaining Young Lady to show her skill. She advances, rebuking them for their want of talent. As she draws her walking-stick from its umbrella, betting begins. She takes her aim and fires, and immediately a piercing scream is heard from Old Lord, who has been looking on, and who



rushes about holding up to his face the Young Lady's arrow, which, by some mistake, has hit his eye instead of the bull's. (*Soft music.*)



## ACT II.

### -CHIEF.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

|                    |                                |
|--------------------|--------------------------------|
| OLD FATHER.        | HIS DAUGHTER.                  |
| THE BRIGAND CHIEF. |                                |
| BRIGANDS.          | POSTBOY.      BRIGAND'S WIVES. |

SCENE—*Imaginary cave, a little to the south of Rome. The fearful roar of a neighbouring water-fall is supposed to be heard.*

Enter BRIGANDS, who place their loaded brooms against the wall,

\* Many ladies may object to have their loo-tables made targets of; but they should remember that the whole point of this Act lies in nobody hitting the mark.

and casting themselves on the floor, forthwith commence gambling with flour-dredging dice-box.



Enter WIVES in Italian costume, with flat napkins on their heads. Some begin working with their distaffs of umbrellas, whilst others hand round wine.

Enter CHIEF splendidly dressed, with coat tails turned up, and wearing a hat made, peaked, with a copy of the *Times*; a spacious green baize table-cloth is thrown over his shoulders, and in his girdle are numerous double-barrelled hoop-sticks. He smokes.



Suddenly a shrill whistle is heard. The Brigands seize their brooms, and, following their Chief, hasten to attack the passage.

Re-enter Brigands, dragging in OLD FATHER, HIS DAUGHTER,



(both in travelling costume), POSTBOY, and several portmanteaus, bags and boxes, which the Wives proceed to rifle of their contents.\* The Postboy is bound to the piano, whilst the Chief orders Old Father's boots to be taken off, and draws from them a purse heavily filled with card-counters. He distributes the counters among his men, and then, by laying his hand on his heart, and turning his eyes up to ceiling, intimates his extreme love for Young Lady. All the Brigands do the same, and a scuffle to possess her takes place. Suddenly the

\* The fun here may be greatly increased by the production of several articles which form part of the mysteries of the toilet. A false front or a bustle is sure to produce a good three minutes' laughter. Grimaldi was the first to discover this.

Chief rushes in with two full-cocked hoop-sticks, and, by shooting two of his men, restores peace and harmony. Then taking the Young Lady's hand, he kneels with her before Old Father, who blesses them. The Brigands cheer, and throw their hats in the air.



GRAND TABLEAU.

## ACT III.

## MISCHIEF.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A MEDICAL STUDENT.  
POLICEMEN.

HIS FRIEND.  
CITIZENS.

THE DOCTOR.  
&c.

SCENE—*The outside of the Doctor's house, with lighted candle placed as lamp over door. On one of the posts is a placard, on which is written "Night Bell." Camphine lamps are lowered.*

Enter MEDICAL STUDENT and HIS FRIEND on tiptoe. They commence laughing and laying their fore-fingers on one side of their noses, to prove what a bit of fun they are going to have. By pointing at the Doctor's door, they show that he is to be their victim. After hu-sh-shing a little, they advance cautiously, and, having wrenched from the door the flat-iron knocker, commence pulling the night-bell, which is made to ring violently by rattling a knife in a tumbler in the passage outside.

Enter DOCTOR, with sheet thrown round him as night-gown, and holding rush-light shade in his hand. Medical



Student pretends he is very bad in his interior from having swallowed something deadly; and whilst Doctor is feeling his pulse, he, by an act of legerdemain, brings the flat-iron knocker out by his nose. His Friend then closes the door, and locks out the Doctor, who expresses his great alarm lest any one should come.

A scuffle ensues, when enter the NEIGHBOURS in haste, with sheets



thrown over them. They, in pantomime, intimate their great indignation at having been disturbed, and then gather round Doctor, who forthwith re-commences his scuffle with the Medical Student's Friend. During fight Medical Student creeps round, and after much blowing out of cheeks, stamping on floor, and holding of sides to express fun, proceeds to pin all the Spectators together. Doctor is knocked down, and all the neighbours hasten to pick him up, but are held back by their being fastened to each other. Medical Student and His Friend decamp. Great confusion.



# BRIDEGROOM.

## A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

### ACT I.

#### BRIDE--

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

|             |         |                 |              |
|-------------|---------|-----------------|--------------|
| FATHER.     | MOTHER. | BRIDE.          | BRIDESMAIDS. |
| BRIDEGROOM. | BEADLE. | PEW OPENER, &c. |              |

SCENE—*Interior of church. At one end the window-curtains arranged as altar.*

Enter BRIDEGROOM. He walks about hurriedly, looks at his watch, and presses his heart several times. Then, drawing from his pocket a ring, he gazes on it intently, when

Enter BRIDE, FATHER, MOTHER, and BRIDESMAIDS. The Bride has a veil thrown over her, and wears a wreath of white paper orange flowers. She is very nervous, and is supported by Father and Mother, who encourage her. The BEADLE and PEW-OPENER wear huge favours of white paper in their bosoms. The Bridegroom rushes forward, and, by a declaration of his passion, gives fresh vigour to the bride.



Enter CLERGYMAN in robes of white sheet. He advances to the window, and marriage party stand round. He points to the Bride, and asks the Bridegroom by a look whether he will have her for his wife. He nods in answer, and the Clergyman asks the same question of the Bride, but she is overcome by her feelings, and faints away on

the spot. Great confusion, the Mother holding smelling bottle to her nose, the Bridesmaids slapping her hands, whilst the Bridegroom walks madly up and down the room. At length she comes to a little, and the ceremony proceeds, the Mother encouraging her daughter. After the Father has given her away she once more faints off; and, at the conclusion, she is so moved that she swoons in the arms of her husband. The Bridesmaids, losing all power over their feelings, faint away into the arms of Father, whilst Mother and Pew-Opener fall upon the Clergyman, who with difficulty sustains the burthen.



GRAND TABLEAU.

## ACT II.

## --GROOM.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NOBLEMEN.      HORSE-DEALER.      GROOM.      LITTLE FIVE-YEAR-OLD.

SCENE—*The interior of Tattersall's.*

Enter HORSE-DEALER and GROOM in close conversation. The Horse-dealer drawing a purse from his pocket gives Groom an ivory card-counter as a sovereign, at the same time winking, and holding finger up to his nose. Groom lays his hand upon his breast in an attitude as if he was saying "upon his honour," and, hearing somebody coming, glides away.



Enter NOBLEMEN smoking cigars. Horse-dealer bows to them, and



they bid him show them his Little Five-year-old. Horse-dealer again bows to them, and knocks loudly at the door, when

Enter Groom, leading in THE LITTLE FIVE-YEAR-OLD neighing.



Noblemen gather round and examine him, at the same time expressing their admiration of its beauty. They bid the Groom run the animal up and down, and show its paces. They are enchanted with its beautiful action, and offer a purse to the horse-dealer as the purchase money. The Horse-dealer refuses

the offer with an expression that shows how ridiculously low it is, and again bids the Groom to run the Little Five-year-old up and down the court. They are still more delighted, and offer another purse. The Horse-dealer takes the two purses, and delivers over the Little Five-year-old. Exit Horse-dealer and groom laughing.



Directly they are gone, the Little Five-year-old commences kicking and plunging. Noblemen endeavour to approach him, but are kept back by his capering. At last they reach him, when exit Little Five-year-old, dragging Noblemen after him.



### ACT III.

#### BRIDEGROOM.

##### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BRIDEGROOM.

BRIDESMAIDS.

BRIDE.

FRIENDS.

FATHER.

MOTHER.

SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE—*The dining-room in mansion of Father. In the centre a table covered with wedding feast, in the midst of which is the large white bandbox wedding cake.*

Enter BRIDEGROOM, BRIDE, MOTHER, FATHER, BRIDESMAIDS, and

FRIENDS, with handkerchiefs up to their eyes. They take their seats



at Bridal feast in a solemn silence. SERVANTS hand round dishes. The clatter of knives and forks alone disturbs the tranquillity.

Suddenly the Bride commences sobbing, and the whole party again fall to weeping. They force the Bride to take some wine, and the dead silence is again restored. The father rises to propose the health



of Bride, and everybody turns round to listen to him. He turns his eyes up to the ceiling, and, holding his hands over his plate, invokes a blessing on her head. At this the sobs burst forth anew. Then he shakes his clenched fist at his alarmed Son-in-law, and, pointing to his Daughter, declares that the Bridegroom will be a scoundrel if he does not treat her as she deserves. Here the boo-boos burst out in great strength, and Bride falls into the arms of her Mother. The Bridegroom attempts to do a few pantomimic sentences, but is frowned down by the company; and it is only by his swearing by the soup-tureen to love her that harmony can be restored. The Bride rushes towards him, and he clasps her in his arms. Then the weeping once more commences, and ends in a violent blowing of noses.

At last all the SERVANTS rush in with their aprons up to their eyes, to announce that the fly is at the door, and the company escorts the happy pair to the door, their faces buried in their pocket-handkerchiefs.



# PASSPORT.

## A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.



### ACT I.

#### PASS--

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.  
NAPOLEON.

HIS CHARGER.  
FRENCH ARMY.

BRITISH ARMY.  
SENTINEL.

SCENE 1—*The Plains of Waterloo. The British Camp.*

ALARUM of Trumpets.

Enter the DUKE OF WELLINGTON at the head of the BRITISH ARMY. The Duke is mounted on his charger, and wears a blue cloak,



and a cocked hat made with the *Times*. The Army goes through its evolutions of presenting brooms, &c. The Duke addresses his men in a short pantomimic speech, and the troops, waving their hats in the air, swear to follow him to death.

Exit Duke of Wellington, his Charger, and the British Army.

SCENE 2—*The Plains of Waterloo. The French Camp.*

Alarum of Drums.

Enter NAPOLEON, leading on the FRENCH ARMY. To show that he is Emperor, he either stands with his hands behind him, or else

looks through a telescope of a sheet of music. He wears a cocked hat, and a cut-away coat, turned up with white paper facings. He has high boots of japan table-cover rolled round his legs. He makes a short address to the Army, and they all kneel down to him and beg of him to believe in them. He is visibly affected, and takes snuff



repeatedly. He blesses them, and they rise. Having placed a SENTINEL at the window curtain,

Exit Napoleon and the French Army.

SCENE 3—*Night-time.*

The Sentinel is on duty pacing the room with shouldered broom.

Enter NAPOLEON, in deep thought. He walks up and down the room with his hands behind him.



The Sentinel perceives him, and presenting his arms, he challenges Napoleon. The Emperor hesitates, when Sentinel draws from his pocket a placard, on which is written "*On ne passe pas.*"

Napoleon is delighted, and declares himself. The Sentinel kneels, and the Emperor gives him a "*croix d'honneur.*"

Enter FRENCH ARMY.

ACT II.

--PORT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SAILOR.

HIS SWEETHEARTS.

COMPANIONS.

JEWS.

LANDLORD.

SCENE—*Portsmouth.* Outside of an Inn, with a placard of "*The Jolly Tar,*" being a sign over the door.

Enter SAILOR with bundle on the end of the stick on his shoulder. He throws away his luggage and dances a hornpipe.

Enter his SWEETHEARTS (*music*), who take his arms, and dance round the room with him. At the end of the dance, Sweethearts declare their love for Sailor, who, untying his bundle, gives to one a shawl, to another a handkerchief, and to a third a necklace.

Enter LANDLORD, who bows respectfully to Sailor. He asks him what he would like to drink. The Sailor orders grog all round, which the Landlord immediately places on the table. The Sailor pulls from



his pocket a heavy purse to pay Landlord, and he is immediately surrounded by his Sweethearts, who begin coaxing him.

Enter JEWS, dressed in dressing-gowns, and long beards of tobacco gummed on their chins. They gather round the Sailor, and commence flattering him. One offers him a watch, and another a coat, whilst the remainder exhibit bracelets and ear-rings for his Sweethearts.

The Sailor is captivated with the watch, and offers the Jew money for it, which is refused indignantly. The Sweethearts press him to purchase the ear-rings, and Sailor is overcome and presents them with all the Jews have brought. He also takes the watch.

Exeunt Jews laughing and jingling their money.

Enter LANDLORD with his bill. The Sailor has no more money and cannot pay him. The Landlord grows impatient, and demands the watch in payment. It is given to him.

Exit Sailor with his Sweethearts and the Landlord laughing.



## ACT III.

## PASSPORT.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

|                    |            |                |
|--------------------|------------|----------------|
| ENGLISH GENTLEMAN. | HIS WIFE.  | HIS FAMILY.    |
| PASSENGERS.        | GENDARMES. | HOTEL TOUTERS. |

SCENE—*The Pier at Boulogne. A bell is heard ringing to announce the arrival of the Steamer.*

ENTER GENDARMES, who stand in a file with drawn walking-sticks, waiting for the Passengers.

Enter PASSENGERS with carpet-bags in their hands. Each one presents his Passport, and is allowed to proceed.



Enter HOTEL TOUTERS, who gather round Passengers and offer them their hotel cards, beseeching their patronage.

Enter ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, HIS WIFE, AND HIS FAMILY, who are stopped by the Gendarmes.

English Gentleman is disgusted at such behaviour, and in strong action inveighs against such a want of hospitality. The Hotel Touters gather round his Wife, and with compliments beseech her to patronize



them. His Wife is overcome by their praises and delivers to them the carpet-bags, cloaks, and umbrellas.

Exeunt Hotel Touters dancing.

The English Gentleman is unable to speak the French language, though he understands it perfectly. The Gendarmes in vain endeavour to make him comprehend that they require his passport. They threaten to take him and his Wife and Children to prison, and he defies them to it. His Wife in her alarm delivers over to them several articles she had attempted to smuggle. The Gendarmes are not satisfied, and seize English Gentleman. His Wife and family weep.

Enter GENDARME with placard, on which is written "*passport.*" The English Gentleman clasps his hands, whilst his Wife, pointing after the Hotel Touters, declares that it is in her carpet-bag.

Exeunt English Gentleman, his Wife, and Family, in close custody of Gendarmes.



TABLEAU.

# BIRTHDAY.

## A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

### ACT I.

#### BIRTH--

##### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MOTHER.            HER CHILD.            MONTHLY NURSE.  
HUSBAND.            LADY VISITORS.

SCENE 1—*The street outside of Mother's house. To the right the door, with flat iron for knocker.*

Enter MONTHLY NURSE dressed in showy gown, with large cap and clean apron on. She points to the house, and dangles an imaginary child in the air, to inform the audience that there has been a slight addition to the family. Then taking from her pocket a white glove, she fastens it round the knocker. Exit Monthly Nurse dancing for joy, and still dangling child.



SCENE 2—*Interior of Mother's bed-chamber. On the sofa is seen Mother in a white jacket and cap, nursing her child.*

Enter Monthly Nurse leading in HUSBAND. She shows to him the CHILD, and by her actions informs him that it is exactly like him, having got his nose, his eyes, and his mouth. The delighted Father gives Monthly Nurse a card-counter.

Enter LADY VISITORS, who rush up to Mother, and, in impassioned action,



inquire after her health. Monthly Nurse shows them the Baby. They are delighted with it, and clasp their hands in admiration.



Each Lady Visitor requests to be allowed to kiss it. The delighted Mother smiles, and the Monthly Nurse madly embraces the Child.

The Ladies are enchanted with the scene. Caudle is handed round and drank, and the Monthly Nurse, placing herself at the door, ushers out each Lady, who slips into her hand a supposed half-crown.



## ACT II.

### -DAY (Dey).

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

|                     |                       |              |
|---------------------|-----------------------|--------------|
| THE DEY OF ALGIERS. | CAPTIVE ENGLISH LADY. | HER HUSBAND. |
| SLAVES.             | BRITISHERS.           |              |

SCENE—*The ramparts of Algeria.*

Enter the DEY of ALGIERS, dressed in his robes-de-chambre of state, with a turban on his head. He is followed by his SLAVES, who arrange the ottoman for him to sit cross-legged upon, and hand him his pipe.

Enter further SLAVES, bringing with them the ENGLISH LADY,



who has a veil thrown over her. The Slaves salaam, and the Dey

orders them to remove the veil from their Captive. They obey him, and the Dey is visibly moved with the charms of the Lady. He rises from his seat, and paces the room. Then advancing to her, he presses his heart and declares his passion. She repulses him haughtily.



He draws from his pocket a heavy purse, and offers it to her, but she points to her wedding ring, and casts the purse at the feet of the tyrant.

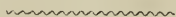
The Dey's love is then turned to rage, and he gives a signal to his Slaves, who salaam, and bring in a cannon, made by placing the sofa bolster on the music Canterbury.

The Slaves seize Captive English Lady, and bind her to the mouth of loaded bolster. The Dey once more offers his love, and is once more refused. The signal to fire is given, when

Enter HER HUSBAND at the head of a gallant band of BRITISHERS. A scuffle ensues, each Britisher engaging two Slaves in combat. The Dey is dethroned, and the English Lady is released, and rushes into the arms of her Husband.



The Britishers kneeling on prostrate Algerines.



## ACT III.

## BIRTHDAY.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD LORD.

HIS SON, *aged 21.*  
SERVANTS.TENANTS.  
MUSICIANS.

THEIR WIVES.

SCENE—*Park on Estate of Old Lord. In the centre is placed a table with chairs on each side, in preparation of a feast.*

Enter TENANTS and their WIVES, gaily dressed, and carrying a flag



made out of an old newspaper. They form themselves into two rows, when

Enter OLD LORD and HIS SON. The Tenants



wave their hats in the air, and their Wives curtsy. The Old



Lord bows to them, and delivers a short speech, constantly pointing to his Son. The Tenants again wave their hats in the air, when

Enter SERVANTS, bearing a bandbox barrel of beer, which they place on the table. Glasses are handed round, and the Old Lord, taking one, proposes the health of their young Squire.

Enter MUSICIANS, when the tenants all stand up for a dance, his Son leading off with one of their Wives.



# CABBAGE.

## A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

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ACT I.

CAB--

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FOREIGN COUNT.
CABMEN.

TWO FOREIGN COUNTESSSES.
CAB-HORSES.

&c., &c.

SCENE—*A Street. Stand of one-horse arm-chairs ranged down centre.*

Enter CABMEN with handkerchiefs round necks, greatcoats on, and whips in hand. Each one leads his prancing CAB-HORSE, which he forthwith harnesses to his arm-chair with traces of shoe ribbon or string. After a bag containing a feed of keys and pocket handkerchiefs has been fastened round the neck of each steed, Cabmen collect in group, tossing commences, and several mugs full of foaming wool are discussed.

Enter FOREIGN COUNT escorting TWO FOREIGN COUNTESSSES. The Count wears a splendid beard of bird's-eye tobacco, gummed on to his lips and chin.* On each side of the faces of the two Countesses is fastened an immense brown paper *acroche-cœur*, to mark their foreign extraction. They carry in their hands carpet-bags labelled, in large letters, "France." The Count summons Cabmen. They gather round, and he explains to them, by showing the label on his carpet-bag, that he wishes to be taken to the Dover Railway. Then by pointing to the palm of his hand, to himself, and the Countesses, he asks how much they will charge to take him there.

* A very nice beard may be made with burnt cork, but to our mind nothing can look more gentlemanly than tobacco.

The Cabmen demand twenty fingers. The Count refuses; but offers five fingers.



As the train is on the point of starting he rushes madly about, appealing to each Cabman, but all—pointing to the carpet-bag—refuse with a wink, to reduce their price even one finger.

At this moment the railway bell* is heard ringing violently in the passage, and Count, fearing to lose the train, dashing his hat on head, shakes his fist at Cabmen, and, with the Countesses, jumps into the first arm-chair, and so *exeunt*.



ACT II.

AGE--

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

"UNCLE NUNKY-PUNKY,"

Aged 98 years.

YOUNG NEPHEWS AND NIECES.

"AUNTY PANTY-SHANTY,"

been 50 for the last 30 years.

MUSICIANS.

SCENE—*Drawing-room in House of "Uncle Nunky-punky." In the centre, table laid out for a Grand Feast, plates containing an Apple and an Orange.*

Enter some of the actors dressed as Young NEPHEWS, with their collars laid down and coat-tails turned up, and young NIECES, with pinafores

* The extreme difficulty of proving that the train is about to start must be the excuse for the Railway Bell being heard at this distance.

on and long sashes round waists. They romp about until seeing feast on table; they advance to it, and by rubbing their hands up and down



their waistcoats and pinafores, whilst examining the orange and apple, show what a delicious treat they are going to have. Suddenly they hear somebody coming, and, replacing the delicate fruits, rush out to meet the visitor.

Enter "UNCLE NUNKY-PUNKY" and "AUNTY PANTY-SHANTY," surrounded by Nephews and Nieces dancing for joy. The Uncle's long grey wadding locks fall about his shoulders. The wrinkles left by the burnt cork of Time, his bent knees, and the stick he leans upon, tell



how infirm he is. Aunty, with her huge brown paper spectacles, dark false front, immense cap, and scarf of well-frilled toilet-cover, is a most affecting picture.

Enter MUSICIANS, who play a lively air upon the grand piano, and touch the rails at back of arm-chair as harp strings.



Nephews and Nieces invite the old couple to dance. At last they consent. They stand up, and, by their heavy panting and continued coughing, prove how fatiguing a process it is at their time of life. At last old Uncle kisses old Aunt, who screams, and faints into the arms of the Nephews and Nieces.



GRAND TABLEAU.

ACT III.

CABBAGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TOBACCONIST.	TAILOR.	STATUE OF HIGHLAND CHIEF.	A SAILOR.
A GENTLEMAN.		MOB.	POLICEMEN, &c.

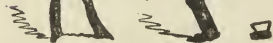
SCENE—*The exterior of two Shops. Over each is a placard—the one inscribed “Tailor,” and the other “Cigars.”*

Enter TAILOR and TOBACCONIST. They shake hands, and each enters his shop. Tailor, having taken off his pumps, threads his needle, and commences repairing a coat. Tobacconist brings out STATUE OF



HIGHLAND CHIEF, with muff and plumes on head, and tartan shawl round waist. He places it before shop. Then taking some cabbage-leaves from pocket, he rolls them into full-flavoured Havannahs.

Enter SAILOR with folded up sheet under his arm, his long pig-tail of sable boa reaching down to his waist. He enters Tailor's shop, and by pointing first to the sheet, and then to his legs, explains that he wants a pair of thing-o'-my's made. He orders them to be made full by holding his hands a yard apart at his angles. Tailor takes sheet, and, by putting his finger on one



side of his nose, and winking, shows how fearfully his morals have been neglected. As soon as the Sailor has gone he jumps off his seat, and, cutting the sheet in two,* puts one half in his own pocket—all the time winking as before.

* This apparent destruction of property may be effected by having previously run two sheets together.

Enter GENTLEMAN, who seeing the Statue of Highland Chief taking snuff, steps into Tobacconist's shop. He asks for a cigar, by slowly raising with a graceful motion his hand to his mouth and puffing. The Tobacconist hands him one of the cigars he has made with cabbage-leaves. The Gentleman lights it, and intimates, by opening his mouth and eyes, and pressing his waistcoat, that he is very ill. He flings Cigar at Tobacconist, and exit rapidly.



Re-enter Sailor, who goes up to Tailor. He demands his trousers. Tailor bows and scrapes, and produces a pair of child's drawers, and invites Sailor to try them on. Sailor, in a great rage, jumps round Tailor in circles, squaring at him. Tailor draws his long shears of tongs. They fight.

Enter MOB with POLICEMEN, when Sailor strikes the Tailor to the ground.



GRAND TABLEAU.

PIEBALL.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

PIE--

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NEIGHBOURING LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

A BAKER.

SCENE—*Baker's Shop. The Sofa lengthways as an oven.*

Enter BAKER, with a nightcap and footman's jacket and apron on. His face is white with best seconds. He lights an imaginary fire under the sofa, and, with the dust-pan tied to the end of a fishing-rod for his "peel," he awaits his customers.



Enter NEIGHBOURING LADY bearing a delicious imitation leg of mutton,* which she hands over to Baker, who slips it into sofa oven, and gives in return card-counter as the customary tin check.

Enter NEIGHBOURING GENTLEMAN, with the largest dish in the kitchen, covered with the largest tin cover. This he also hands over and receives a mother-o'-pearl check.

Enter LADIES and GENTLEMEN with splendid bandbox pies and dishes with covers on, all of which are slid into hot oven with dust-pan "peel."



When the Customers are all gone, the Baker on tiptoe goes round

* It requires even more than the genius of a Ude to tell how the following joints and pies are to be made. Children's toy-boxes, cushions, bags, everything that the mind can think of, and the hands be laid on, must be put in requisition.

the room to see that nobody is looking, and then, drawing out all the dishes, he takes from a closet his own very small pie, and changes it for the largest, by "ringing the changes," and altering the tin checks upon every dish.

Re-enter Neighbouring Ladies and Gentlemen with napkins to place over their dishes. They present their checks, and demand their



dinners. They are extremely shocked at seeing the great alteration in the size of their joints and pasties. The Baker shrugs his shoulders, and proves to them very clearly, by pointing to the ceiling, that the meat has shrunk by evaporation in the cooking. When they have a second time departed, Baker, bursting out laughing, takes his heavy dish and makes his exit dancing for joy.



ACT II.

--BALD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD GENTLEMAN.

MIDDLE-AGED LADY.

CHAMBERMAID.

SCENE—*Supposed double-bedded room at an Inn not a hundred miles from Town. On one side an imaginary bed with window curtains, on the other the sofa ready turned down. In the centre a toilet-table with looking-glass upon it.*

Enter CHAMBERMAID lighting in OLD GENTLEMAN, who has just ar-

rived from the passage. He intimates, by leaning on his hands and yawning, that he is very tired, and putting down his carpet-bag, he untwists his comforter, and takes off his cloak. Then taking his night-cap from his pocket, he puts it on, hangs his coat and waistcoat on the back of a chair, turns in behind the window-curtains, and in a few seconds is heard snoring.



Enter MIDDLE-AGED LADY with her hair (by means of a pair of luxuriant sable cuffs) dressed *en bandeau* at each side of her face, and bulging out her well-filled cap. Under her arm she carries the warming-pan, with which she begins warming her sofa-bedstead. In the midst of it she rouses the Old Gentleman from his sleep. He pokes his nightcap through the window curtains, and his face bears a look of intense horror at finding a lady in his room. As she continues warming the sofa his timidity leaves him, and he admires her beautiful hair, and looks frequently up to the curtain poles to show that he is deeply moved by her beauty.



Suddenly Middle-aged Lady advances to the looking-glass on the table, and Old Gentleman rapidly withdraws his head. She begins her toilet, and the Old Gentleman re-appears, and his face wears an expression of ghastly astonishment as he sees her unpin from each side of her face the lovely sable cuffs that he had been admiring as her own luxuriant tresses. At last she removes her cap, and he nearly falls backwards on perceiving that she is quite bald.* In his horror the Old Gentleman groans audibly, and Lady turns round quickly as he disappears. She throws her arms about her wildly for one moment, and then sinks into chair and faints from fright.



* Baldness can be imitated capitally with an oil-silk bathing cap. At a pinch a baby's cap with pink lining might do; but Macassar Rowland himself could not tell the oil silk.

Old Gentleman, seizing his carpet-bag, and clothes, taking advantage of the moment, hurries quickly from the room. WAITERS, CHAMBERMAIDS, &c., rush in. They express surprise at Lady's baldness. She revives, screams, and runs out; when *exeunt omnes*.

ACT III.

PIEBALD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

POOR NEGRO. — HIS ENGLISH WIFE. THEIR THREE CHILDREN.
KIND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

SCENE—*Inside of Poor Negro's house. In the centre deal table; on each side a kitchen chair.*

Enter POOR NEGRO.* He has a white turban on, and a nightgown tied tightly round his waist. In his hand he holds the broom he has been sweeping a crossing with. He presses his forehead several times, to tell that he is in deep distress; and, finally, drawing the kitchen chair to table, he flings himself into it, and buries his face in his hands.



Enter his fair WIFE, also in deep distress.

She sees Negro weeping, and turns her head away with a graceful attitude, and weeps also. Then advancing to him, she taps him on the shoulder. He starts up and embraces her.

He tells her, by pointing several times to his open mouth, that he is very hungry, and wants something to eat. She shakes her head slowly, and turns aside to hide her emotion.



Enter KIND LADIES and GENTLEMEN, who, putting their glasses up, examine closely everything in the room. Negro and his wife bow to them. The ladies are shocked at the destitu-

* Unless there is a black man in the house, the easiest way of making one is by stretching a piece of dark silk across the face, and cutting out holes for the eyes and mouth. Burnt cork, of course, is the true colouring matter of the real theatrical negro, but that is out of the question.

tion of the place, and give them money. Ladies then, by dandling imaginary baby in the air, ask if they have any children. Wife nods her head several times joyfully, and rushes from the room.

Re-enter Wife with, first, one CHILD. It is black. The Visitors express, by pointing to the face of the little one and the Negro, that it is the image of its Father. The Wife then introduces a second CHILD. It is white. The Visitors remark that it resembles its Mother. At last the third is brought in. It is a Baby in long-clothes and, being like both Father and Mother, it is—Piebald. Astonishment of Visitors, and



GRAND TABLEAU.

MISTLETOE.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

MISTLE-- (Mizzle.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

POOR TENANT.

HIS WIFE.

HIS FAMILY.

ANGRY LANDLORD.

SCENE—*House of Poor Tenant comfortably furnished.*

Enter POOR TENANT in a state of extreme dejection. HIS WIFE, who follows him, endeavours to console him, but in vain, for he only stamps and presses his forehead the more. She clings to him and demands the cause of his sorrow. He pulls from his pocket a placard written, "RENT DAY TO-MORROW." She falls back in horror, and weeps.

Enter HIS FAMILY, who, seeing their Father and Mother's affliction, are overcome by their feelings. They turn aside their heads and sob audibly.

Poor Tenant addresses His Family. He a second time exhibits



his placard, and the sorrow of the group becomes extreme. He tells them, by pulling his pockets inside out, that he has not a penny. He points to his comfortable furniture, and informs them that the Angry

Landlord will seize it all for rent. Sinking into a chair, he is overwhelmed in his grief. His Wife and Family gather round him, and ask in what way they can assist him. They offer to bear away their goods that night, and carry them beyond the reach of the Angry Landlord. A gleam of joy passes over the countenance of Poor Tenant. He embraces his children, and His Wife blesses them.

His Family then seize the chairs, and carry them on tiptoe into



the passage. They return stealthily, until the whole room is stripped. Then casting a long farewell look at the ceiling of their forefathers' home—they strike a touching tableau, and *exeunt* Poor Tenant, His Wife, and Family, mournfully.

Enter **ANGRY LANDLORD**, with a pen in his mouth and a ledger under his arm. He stamps loudly on the floor of Poor Tenant's house, but nobody comes. He stamps again and again, his face wearing an expression of surprise and disgust. In a great passion he raves about the room, expressing in action his indignation at all the furniture having been removed. He swears to be revenged, and draws a writ from his pocket.

Exit Angry Landlord, still swearing vengeance.



ACT II.

--TOE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE POPE OF ROME.	CARDINALS.	PRIESTS.
IRISH GENTLEMAN.	ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.	PAPAL SOLDIERS.

SCENE.—*Interior of a Chapel at Rome. Around it are hung pictures, and at the end is the arm-chair for the Pope's throne.*

Enter IRISH GENTLEMAN and ENGLISH GENTLEMAN arm-in-arm, to view the beauties of the chapel. They are both delighted with the pictures, and while the Irish Gentleman kneels down, the English one carves his name on the door, to tell all further visitors that he has been there.

The solemn music of a piano is heard, and

Enter THE POPE OF ROME, dressed in full canonicals of red table-



cover and lace cuffs. He walks grandly, and is followed by CARDINALS in sacerdotal robes of bed-curtains, and devout PRIESTS in ladies' cloaks with the hoods over their heads. They tell their beads of coral necklaces.

The Pope seats himself in the arm-chair throne, and the Priests commence kissing his toe. He blesses each one as he rises. The Irish Gentleman advancing, beseeches by gestures Cardinals to allow him to take one fond embrace. They are pleased with his earnestness, and consent. He casts himself on his knees and kisses it madly.

They then invite the English Gentleman also to advance and be blessed. He folds his arms and refuses disdainfully. The Pope is enraged, and rises from his throne. The Cardinals gather menacingly round English Gentleman, and the Priests threaten him with wild gesticulations. The Irish Gentleman in vain endeavours to restore peace. His



friend is once more besought to yield, but still refuses. The Pope beckons to his priests, when

Enter PAPAL SOLDIERS, and surround English Gentleman, who still remains with his arms crossed. He refuses to stir, and addresses the Pope and his Court in language of contempt. The Guards are ordered to do their duty, and force English Gentleman away with the point of their brooms. (*Soft Music.*) *Exeunt* Pope, Cardinals, and Priests, solemnly, the Irish Gentleman cheering.



~~~~~

ACT III.

MISTLETOE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

|                 |                                          |
|-----------------|------------------------------------------|
| GRANDFATHER.    | HIS SON.                                 |
| GRANDMOTHER.    | HER DAUGHTER ( <i>Wife to His Son</i> ). |
| THEIR CHILDREN. | VISITORS. SERVANTS. MUSICIANS.           |

SCENE.—*Old Hall in the Mansion of His Son. Long table down the centre, with chairs.*

Enter SERVANTS bearing grand feast, which they arrange on the table. They then stand behind the chairs.

Enter GRANDFATHER, GRANDMOTHER, HIS SON, HER DAUGHTER, THEIR CHILDREN, and VISITORS in holiday costume. Grandfather is



so old he can scarcely walk, and is supported by His Son, whom he blesses. Grandmother is placed next to Her Daughter, and Their Children dance about with delight. When they are seated at table, they eat.

Enter Servants bearing large dish with brown silk bundle in it for plum-pudding. Their Children rise from the table and dance round it.

As soon as the dinner is removed, His Son gives a signal, when

Enter MUSICIANS with imitation instruments in their hands. Their Children serve them with wine and plum-pudding. (*Affecting picture.*) Grandfather goes out and fetches a bunch of Mistletoe, which he hangs to the lamp. They all laugh, and are delighted with the wickedness of Grandfather. He laughs and coughs a great deal, and all Their Children thump him on the back to make him better.



The Visitors then take the Young Ladies, who appear dreadfully bashful, and drag them screaming and tittering under the Mistletoe, where they embrace them theatrically, by crossing their heads over their shoulders. Grandmother is delighted, and presses her sides with mirth, when one of Their Children takes her hand, and pulls her under the Mistletoe and kisses her. Grandfather pretends to be jealous, and the fun increases.

Several of the Gentlemen are smitten with the charms of the Ladies, and after they have kissed them, proceed to the corners, where they fall on one knee and propose. The Ladies weep, hesitate, and point to Grandfather. The Gentlemen beseech the Grandfather to consent. He weeps, and blesses them.



GRAND TABLEAU.

Musicians begin playing a court dance, all the party standing up. The old Grandfather taking Grandmother's hand, leads off the dance.

# NIGHTGOWN.

## A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

### ACT I.

#### NIGHT--

##### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

|           |              |               |            |
|-----------|--------------|---------------|------------|
| POOR MAN. | LITTLE BOYS. | SALOUP MAN.*  | POLICEMAN. |
|           | NOBLEMEN.    | FIGHTING MAN. |            |

SCENE.—*An imaginary Street in London by night.*

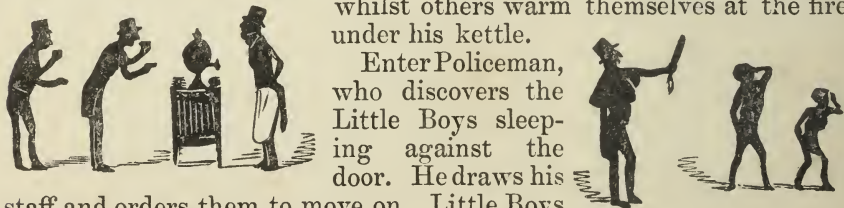
Enter POLICEMAN with japan table-cover over his shoulders for a cape, and holding in his hand a lantern. He tries all the doors round to see if they are fast. A rattle is heard in the distance, when exit the Policeman hurriedly.

Enter LITTLE BOYS shivering. They point to their mouths and shake their heads to say they have had no food all day, and then huddle together against the door, and go to sleep.

Enter SALOUP MAN dragging the music Canterbury with the kettle and tray of tea-things on it. He puts his hand on one side of his mouth as if shouting, when

Enter POOR MEN who collect round stall and drink the saloup, whilst others warm themselves at the fire under his kettle.

Enter Policeman, who discovers the Little Boys sleeping against the door. He draws his staff and orders them to move on. Little Boys begin crying, when Policeman drives them away



\* Many ladies and gentlemen have, no doubt, never heard of a Saloup Man. He is the vender of a warm beverage, in great request about 4 o'clock in the morning. Saloup is to Coffee what the Mock Turtle is to the Real—nothing at all like it.

Enter FIGHTING MAN with a shooting jacket and jackboots on. His hair is cut short, and over his eye is a black patch. He is protecting NOBLEMEN who have been making a night of it. It is with great difficulty they can walk. Their cravats are twisted round, and their coats thrown wide open, to show the dreadful condition they are in. On their breasts they wear the glass ornaments of the candlesticks for stars.

Poor Men gather round Noblemen and petition to be treated to something to drink. Fighting Man orders them off, threatening to knock them down, but they still ask for drink. Noblemen at last give money to Fighting Man, who goes off with Policeman, and soon returns, bearing several bottles of champagne and a pewter pot. They drink.

The Noblemen then, to pass the time, order their Fighting Man to stand up and square at Policeman. They fight.



Policeman is knocked down. Noblemen in their delight give him money. At last they grow so boisterous that, being unable to walk, they are carried out by the Mob, headed by Policeman and Fighting Man. *Exeunt omnes.*



## ACT II.

### --GOWN.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A GENTLEMAN.

HIS WIFE.

DRAPER'S ASSISTANT.

SCENE 1—*As much like Regent Street as possible. To the right a splendid Gown is seen hanging in an imaginary Draper's window, and labelled "VERY CHEAP, FOUR GUINEAS."*

Enter A GENTLEMAN and HIS WIFE in walking costume. The Gentleman observing the gown in Draper's window, starts with fear, and endeavours to drag His Wife on. But she is rivetted to the

spot with admiration, and refuses to stir. The Gentleman clasps his hands in horror, when

Enter DRAPER'S ASSISTANT, who in an engaging manner invites the Lady to enter. He points to the gown and then to the shop, until at last the Lady is persuaded and enters, rapidly followed by the Gentleman, who thumps his hat on his head, and buttons his coat to show his dreadful state of mind.



SCENE 2—*Interior of Draper's shop. On one side is placed a table as counter. Chairs, &c.*

Enter DRAPER'S ASSISTANT ushering in a GENTLEMAN and HIS WIFE, to whom with pleasing smiles he offers chairs, and begs them to be seated.



He takes down the gown and holds it before the Lady, who is enchanted with it. She is, however, greatly surprised at the highness of the price, and with a fascinating expression holds up three fingers as an offer. The Draper's Assistant, in a most gentlemanly manner, instantly refuses it, and to tempt the Lady holds the dress up before her. The gown looks so lovely that the bargain is instantly struck, and the Gentlemen called upon to pay the four guineas. With many sighs he gives the money, his eyes being all the time fixed on the ceiling in a look of anguish. The Draper's Assistant, placing his hands on the table and leaning over, pretends to ask whether he can do anything else that evening, when exit the Gentleman hurriedly, dragging His Wife after him.



## ACT III.

## NIGHTGOWN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD GENTLEMAN.

CHAMBERMAID.

BOOTS.

SCENE—*Bedroom at an Hotel. Against the wall a sofa as bedstead. Chairs, &c.*

Enter OLD GENTLEMAN, who has just arrived by the train, wrapped in a heavy cloak with the collar turned up and a comforter round it. He carries a wet umbrella, and his trousers are splashed with mud.\* He is followed by the BOOTS, carrying a night candlestick and a large portmanteau.



Old Gentleman informs the Boots that he is wet through, by wringing his coat tails and shivering. Boots is affected, and recommends a glass of something hot, which greatly pleases the Old Gentleman. Exit Boots.

Old Gentleman then throws off his cloak, and placing his portmanteau on a chair, endeavours to unlock it. But his key will not turn, and growing impatient he forces the lock with his umbrella. As soon as he has lifted up the lid he falls back in horror, and presses his forehead. He intimates that it is not his trunk, and lifting up a lady's nightgown, dashes it fiercely from him. Rushing to the bell-rope, he pulls it violently. But nobody comes, and being wet through, he determines on going to bed.



He slips on the nightgown, and taking out a well-frilled nightcap, he puts it on, and jumps into sofa for bedstead.

\* For the sake of the Gentleman's trousers it is better to imitate the mud with a piece of brown paper pinned over the boots.

Enter Boots with a tumbler of hot water for grog. On seeing the Old Gentleman dressed as a lady he is surprised, and, fancying he has mistaken the room, apologizes, and is about to retreat, when Old Gentleman beckons him to advance. Boots blushes deeply,\* refuses, and flies from the room.

Enter CHAMBERMAID, bowing to Old Gentleman, who is boiling over with passion. She seeks to console him for the unintentional insult. He explains to her the dreadful state he is in, and shows her his whiskers. She screams and rushes from the room.

Old Gentleman nearly driven mad, leaps from bed, and, with the white sheet over him, hurries away in search of her. (*Soft music.*)



\* A blush is very easily done by turning the head on one side and smearing it with a little red chalk.

# NOYCE.

## A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

### ACT I.

#### NO--

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CROCKERY-MAN.

SEVERAL OLD LADIES.

SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE—*A street in London. Several doors are supposed to be seen in the distance.*

Enter CROCKERY-MAN, with a basket filled with teapots, basins, plates, and tea-cups on one arm, and a bundle of old umbrellas, old hats, and left-off clothes on the other. He walks up and down the stage with his hand on one side of his mouth, as if shouting; but, nobody coming, he at last advances to the door, and gives a loud single knock.

Enter SERVANT in answer. On seeing Crockery-Man, she is very angry, and telling him in violent gestures that she has been called



down from the top of the house, attempts to slam the door in his face; but Crockery-Man places his foot against it, exhibiting a tea-pot.

Enter OLD LADY, with four plaid shawls hastily thrown over her shoulders, to see what on earth all the noise is about. Crockery-Man offers her the teapot, but she only shakes her head in answer. He tells her, in tempting pantomime, that he will take her husband's

left-off trousers in exchange. She again shakes her head indignantly; and he offers, for an old coat and a hat, to let her have a basin and a jug. Old Lady grows more and more angry, her cap quivering with her passion, and she calls for Policeman, when Crockery-Man withdraws his foot, and she closes the door.

He then tries the other houses, knocking at each with a single knock.

Enter three servants in succession. They also have all been called down from the top of the house. Despite his compliments, they shake their heads violently and re-enter the houses.

Crockery-Man then walks up and down, still crying his wares. Old Ladies appear, and to each he expresses, in energetic action, that for an old umbrella, and a worn out bonnet, he is now giving a first-rate tea service. They all three shake their heads. Crockery-Man then flatters them on their charms, and exhibits several plates which he can dispose of quite a bargain.

They still refuse, until Crockery-Man, disgusted with his success, shakes his fist at furious Old Ladies in an impertinent manner, and exit, still shouting his goods.



## ACT II.

### --VICE.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

STRICT FATHER.

KIND MOTHER.

THEIR TWO SONS.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

SERVANT.

SCENE—*Dining room in the house of Strict Father. Against the wall, a chiffonier.*

Enter STRICT FATHER and KIND MOTHER, in travelling costume, and followed by their TWO SONS, and the SERVANT, carrying carpet bags. Father informs his Children, by pointing to the direction on his

luggage, that he is going a long, long journey, and that he trusts they will behave themselves whilst he is away. Their Two Sons are affected to tears, and turn their heads aside, whilst Kind Mother



kisses and consoles them. Having locked the chiffonier, *exceunt* Strict Father, Kind Mother, and Servant.

As soon as they have gone, their Two Sons burst out laughing, and throwing their caps in the air, dance wildly about the room. Then they run to the window, and clap their hands as a signal, when

Enter YOUNG GENTLEMEN, who are informed by their juvenile hosts, that they are invited to a feast. One of the Sons draws a key from his pocket, kisses it fondly, and opening the chiffonier, takes out a black bottle labelled "Gin," which he holds up to his visitors. They clap their hands with delight. The other son fetches some pipes and tobacco, which, together with the bottle, he places on the table. The Young Gentlemen are allowed to put the black bottle to their mouths in succession, and a pipe is handed to each. They smoke.



Some of the Young Gentlemen begin to grow noisy and laugh to themselves, whilst others are unable to light their pipes. Their cravats get twisted round, and their hair ruffled. One of the SONS attempts to walk, but shows, by constantly treading on his own toes, how tipsy he is. Suddenly, a loud knock is heard at the door. The whole party let fall their pipes, and turn very pale.\* The Young Gentlemen burn brown paper, to remove the smell of the tobacco, and the Sons hurriedly lock up the empty bottle, &c., in the cupboard.

\* This is done by smearing the face with a small piece of chalk, whilst the hand is passed over the forehead, to express repentance.

Enter STRICT FATHER and KIND MOTHER, vexed at having been too late for the train. On entering, Father is astonished at the number of Young Gentlemen, and by sniffing tells that he smells tobacco.



Fond Mother, too, is astonished at finding one of their Sons lying full length on the sofa, with his waistcoat unbuttoned, and laughing to himself, whilst his head rolls about his shoulders. She is alarmed, and calls her husband. Their other Son then casts himself at his Father's feet, and confesses all. Father strikes his forehead and desires Servant to fetch the horse-whip.

Young Gentlemen begin weeping. Kind Mother also weeps, and interferes with Strict Father, but in vain. The horsewhip is brought, and he is about to punish Young Gentlemen, when Kind Mother seizes his arm. Father relents, and the whip falls from his hand. Young Gentlemen escape, and Sons kneel for forgiveness.



TABLEAU.

## ACT III.

## NOVICE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

HER MOTHER.

HER SISTERS.

LADY ABBESS.

NUNS.

GRAND PRIEST.

SCENE—*Interior of a chapel. Chairs placed round window—curtains as devotionals round altar. Several candles burning on altar.*

Enter grand procession of NUNS clothed in spotless robes of white sheet, with anti-Macassars thrown over their heads as veils. (*Soft music of piano.*) They arrange themselves round the altar in solemn silence, their hands crossed over their bosoms.

Enter GRAND PRIEST in chintz bed-curtain cloak, and long beard of



wadding, followed by LADY ABBESS in gown of white sheet, and veil over her head. Her eyes are cast down, and she is visibly moved by the touching ceremony.

Enter BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY in full dress, with low-necked frock

and bare arms. She wears an expression of great joy, and stares wildly about her. HER MOTHER supports her, and urges her to go through the severe trial with resignation. HER SISTERS are all weeping, and dart disdainful glances at Nuns. (*Soft Music.*)

The Priest blesses the Beautiful Young Lady, and the Lady Abbess kisses her on the forehead. Then drawing a pair of scissors from her girdle,

she unfastens Beautiful Young Lady's back hair. With her eyes fixed on the ceiling, she cuts off all the tresses, and casts them on the ground.\*

The sisters faint, and the Nuns bow; whilst the Mother picks up the locks, and swears to have them set in a locket that she wears. A veil of anti-Macassar is then thrown over the head of the kneeling Novice. The Priest holding his hands over her, and moving his lips quickly, goes through the ceremony of blessing her. Exit the Priest solemnly.



The Nuns prepare to depart, when the Sisters, rushing forward, cling to the veil of the Beautiful Young Lady. (*Return.*) The Lady Abbess is very angry, and stamping, orders them to retire. They refuse and still embrace their Sister. The Novice is affected to tears, and the Nuns sob.

Re-enter the Priest. He consoles the Sisters, and by his actions depicts the life of joy the Novice will henceforth lead. He bids the Mother remove her children, and she commands them to retire. They faint, and several of the Nuns are overcome by their feelings.

The Priest blesses them.



\* The finest chevelure need not be alarmed at this part of the performance; by an act of legerdmain the brush of a Turk's head broom is cast into the centre of the apartment. This always has a very pretty effect, and is indeed only to be surpassed by the tail of a rocking-horse. The tail is perfect.

# CARPET.

## A CHARADÉ IN THREE ACTS.

### ACT I.

#### CAR—

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RESPECTABLE TRADESMAN.  
CARMAN.

HIS WIFE.  
HIS HORSE.

THEIR FRIENDS.

SCENE—*A Street in the suburbs of Dublin. During the journey a moving panorama ought to be seen.*

Enter RESPECTABLE TRADESMAN, HIS WIFE, and THEIR FRIENDS, with large cloaks on their arms, and carrying umbrellas and huge baskets of provisions. They knock at door loudly, when

Enter CARMAN with his coat and waistcoat off, and smoking a



short pipe. Round his legs are haybands made of comforters, and round his hat, near the brim, is a white handkerchief twisted tightly. He bows to the visitors, by touching his hair and scraping one foot on the carpet. They inform him, by pointing to the provisions, that they want to hire his Car for a pic-nic. A bargain is struck, and the Carman pulls out the ottoman, and fetching HIS HORSE, he harnesses it.

They take their seats on each side of the vehicle, and having packed

the provisions, the journey commences, the horse trotting. Suddenly the animal begins kicking. The Ladies are alarmed, and scream to be



put down, but the Carman restores harmony by assuring them that it's all in play. They are delighted with the sportive character of the creature, and admire its many points.

As they are jogging along, the car suddenly upsets.\* The whole



party are thrown out, and the baskets are scattered in all directions. The Horse lies quietly down, whilst Carman a second time endeavours to restore the confidence of his employers.

The Respectable Tradesman is first picked up, and having discovered that he is unhurt, lifts up his fainting Wife and Their Friends.



As soon as they regain their senses, they all set upon Carman and abuse him. He immediately pulls off his coat, and twirling his shillelah in the air, invites Respectable Tradesman to tread on the tails of it. The Ladies alarmed at his dancing about them, rush off screaming.

*Exeunt omnes.*

\* Violent screams, and a good rattle on the piano, must accompany the crash.

## ACT II.

## - PET.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FOND FATHER.

FOOLISH MOTHER.

THEIR CHILD.

VISITORS.

SERVANTS.

NURSE.

SCENE—*Dining-room in mansion of Fond Father. In the centre a long table laid for dinner, with chairs on each side.*

Enter FOND FATHER and FOOLISH MOTHER handing in VISITORS, who walk arm in arm. They are earnestly talking to each other as they enter. The Gentlemen hand the Ladies to their seats, and whilst Fond Father sharpens his knife, they eat their bread.

Enter SERVANTS bearing the soup-tureen, which they place before Fond Father.

Enter NURSE, bearing THEIR CHILD, with napkin round its neck, and long sash round waist.\* It is kicking and beating its Nurse, screaming all the time. Foolish Mother starts from her seat, and rushing to Their Child, kisses it madly, whilst she scolds the Nurse for making the Pet cry. The Visitors are affected to tears with the touching picture, and burying their faces in their napkins, weep, whilst Fond Father and Servants turn aside their heads. Their Child is placed near Fond Father, and the Visitors all admire it, and pointing to its face, compliment Foolish Mother on its beauty and resemblance to her.

On seeing the soup-tureen the Pet once more bursts into tears, and kicking more violently than before, insists on being allowed to have it to play with. The Visitors grow alarmed for their dinner, but still pretend to be fascinated with the infant. Father in vain tries to quiet it, but is only scratched in return. At last Foolish Mother is over-



\* If there is a pet in the family, the acting will be perfect. If not, the youngest child must be taken.

come by her feelings, and taking the tureen, places it on the floor with Her Child, who bathes its hands and finally dabbles its feet in it.

The Visitors still pretend to be delighted with the eccentric darling, but suddenly all recollect a pressing invitation which forces them to leave instantly.

*Exeunt* Visitors, bowed out by Fond Father and Foolish Mother.

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ACT III.

CARPET.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HARD-WORKING GREENGROCER.

A LADY.

HER HUSBAND.

SERVANT.

SCENE 1—*Interior of a Lady's drawing-room. On the floor is a splendid Turkey carpet of Indian shawl.*

Enter a LADY with a SERVANT carrying a broom to sweep the carpet.



At the first brush of the broom, they are supposed to be nearly smothered in the dust. They are disgusted, when

Enter HARD-WORKING GREENGROCER, bowing and scraping, and holding a placard, announcing that he "BEATS CARPETS AND ATTENDS EVENING PARTIES." They are delighted, and welcome him. He is ordered to take up the Turkey carpet and beat it well.

He at once sets to work, and putting all the chairs one a-top of another, wheels the table on one side, and having the whole room thrown into disorder, takes away the carpet. The Lady seats herself on a chair, and orders the servant to scour the floor.



A double knock is heard without, when the Lady taking a duster commences wiping a chair.

Enter HER HUSBAND from the city. He is horrified at seeing his Wife working so hard. He advances compassionately towards her, and she puts on a careworn expression, and lets her arm and duster drop powerless by her side as if with fatigue. He chides her gently for exerting herself so much, to which she replies in vigorous pantomime, that if she did not do it, nobody would. Husband glances fiercely at Servant, scolds her for her laziness, and presents His Wife with a handsome check as a recompense for her care of his house.

Exeunt Lady and Her Husband hand in hand, and looking lovingly at each other, whilst Servant follows weeping in her apron.



SCENE 2—*The Fields at Battle Bridge. On one side of the room the clothes-horse.*

Enter HARD-WORKING GREENGROCER with carpet of Indian shawl.



He hangs it on a clothes-horse, and beats it for a short time. Then lighting his pipe, he smokes, and reads a newspaper. At last he takes down the carpet, and exit with it under his arm.

SWEEPSTAKES.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

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### ACT I.

#### SWEEP--

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LITTLE SWEEP.

OLD LADY.

SERVANT.

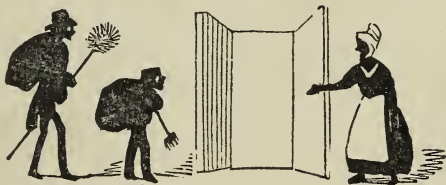
OLD SWEEP.

SCENE 1—*Interior of Servant's Kitchen, with the screen arranged as the fire-place.*

Little Sweep, crying (outside), "Sweep, sweep, sweep!"

Enter SERVANT hastily, rubbing her eyes and yawning. She rushes to the door and beckons, when

Enter LITTLE SWEEP and OLD SWEEP, dressed in black, and



carrying brooms, and dirty clothes soot bag. Their faces are also covered with soot.\*

The Servant desires them to sweep the chimney, and gives the Old Man money. Little Boy draws a nightcap over his eyes, and, taking his broom, plunges into the fire-place, his master holding a cloth before the opening. The entrance is too small and he cannot ascend. Old Sweep is enraged, and lights a fire with some straw he has brought with him, to make the boy ascend.

*Exeunt* Old Sweep and Servant, to see whether Little Sweep has got to the top of the chimney.

\* The black silk mask must again be put in requisition; unless, indeed, some enthusiastic gentleman will consent to be burnt-corked.

SCENE 2—*The Bed-room of Old Lady. Against the wall a painting of a Young Woman. In the window curtains the Old Lady discovered sleeping. She snores.*

Enter LITTLE SWEEP from down the chimney. He lifts the cap



from his eyes and wipes them several times to remove the soot. On looking about him he is astonished to find that he has mistaken his chimney, and got into the wrong room. He is alarmed, and wrings his hands in terror. He gazes wildly about the room, and by his innocent actions intimates that he will be taken up and perhaps hung. (*He prays.*)

He feels much calmer and admires the apartment. His eye rests on the picture against the wall, and he is visibly moved. He, in affecting pantomime, confesses that he has never known a mother's love, and weeps.\*

Suddenly he hears the snoring of Old Lady. He is alarmed, and runs about wildly. Then, advancing on tip-toe to the bed, he withdraws the curtain and gazes on Old Lady. He intimates that there is a striking resemblance between the picture and the Old Lady, and betrays a strong wish to embrace her. He gently lifts her hand and kisses it. The Old Lady wakes.

On seeing Little Sweep she screams, and hastily draws to the curtains. Little Sweep kneels at the bed-side imploring forgiveness. He relates his mistake about the chimneys, and stating that he has never known a mother's love, appeals to her feelings.

Old Lady is about to drive him away, when her eyes rest upon a locket hanging to his neck. She hastily examines it, presses her forehead, seizes the boy's head, and looks intently into his affrighted eyes. Then clasping him to her bosom she declares herself to be his mother.†



\* None but a first-rate *artiste* should undertake the part of the little sweep. The whole piece depends upon the audience being convinced that he has never known a mother's love.

† The interest and pathos may be greatly increased by the mother searching for the strawberry her son was marked with on the left arm. At the embrace, a splendid effect—always sure of success—can be had, by the sweep blacking his mother's gown. This is done by cunningly placing a black silk handkerchief on the white skirt during the embrace.

Enter SERVANT and OLD SWEEP in search of Young Sweep. The Old Lady horrified at being discovered in *deshabille*, rushes behind the bed-curtains. Thrusting out her head and arm, points to Little Sweep as her son and heir.



GRAND TABLEAU.

## ACT II.

--STAKES (Steaks.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

STRUGGLING CLERK.

BUTCHER.

LANDLORD.

WAITERESS.

SCENE 1—*Outside of Butcher's Shop. On one side a table covered with plates of imitation chops and steaks.*

Enter BUTCHER with housemaid's blue apron on, and the knife-steel hanging from his waist. In his hand he carries the carving knife, which he sharpens, at the same time inviting passers by to patronise him.

Enter STRUGGLING CLERK with blue bag in his hand. His eye



rests on the meat, and he stands for a moment gazing at it. Butcher advances to him and tempts him with his low prices. Clerk yields, and approaching the table examines the different lots. He purchases

a steak, which he wraps up in his pocket handkerchief, and gives money to the Butcher.

*Exeunt* Butcher and Clerk dancing.

SCENE 2—*Coffee-room at a Tavern, with table and chairs in centre.*

Enter STRUGGLING CLERK, who rings the bell, when

Enter LANDLORD. Clerk tells him that he wishes for something to drink, and taking the steak from his bag, desires him to cook it, by making a hissing noise, and going through the pantomimic process of frying.

The Landlord is delighted, and exit with steak.



Enter WAITERESS with a jug and a glass. Clerk is smitten with her charms, and invites her to drink. She indignantly refuses, beckoning him back with her hand. He pleads, but in vain.

Exit Waiteress, haughtily.

Enter Landlord with tray. He places it before Clerk, who devours the steak, raising his eyes to the ceiling and pressing his bosom to tell of its tenderness.

The Landlord is affected to tears, and, by shaking his head, expresses his fears that poor Clerk does not often have a steak for dinner.

When he has eaten enough, Clerk places the remainder of the steak in an old newspaper. He tells Landlord by gestures that it is for his wife and children, who are very dear to him.

He pays Landlord, who weeps.

*Exeunt* Clerk and Landlord.



## ACT III.

## SWEEPSTAKES.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

|            |            |              |       |
|------------|------------|--------------|-------|
| VILLAGERS. | MERCHANTS. | BEADLE.      | BOYS. |
| DONKEYS.   |            | POOR MOTHER. |       |

SCENE—*A country fair. Booths and tables laden with merchandize in all directions.*

Enter MERCHANTS, who shake hands with each other and proceed to their tables and arrange their wares. Other merchants stand with trays of cakes and boxes of cigars awaiting their visitors.

Enter VILLAGERS dressed in holiday costume, laughing and



smiling. They advance to the different tables and purchase goods. Some buy silks and others necklaces. The Gentlemen deal largely with the cigar Merchants, obtaining a cheroot and a light for the counter penny they hand him.

The Merchant with cakes is next visited, and his whole tray soon emptied. The pickle jar full of marbles for brandy balls is quickly discussed.

*Exeunt* the different Dealers with empty trays, highly satisfied.

Enter the BEADLE in full uniform.\* He informs the Villagers, by riding an imaginary horse, that there is to be a race for a Sweepstakes, and he beseeches them to give him money. They are delighted with the idea, and hand him some.

He bids them arrange themselves into a line, so as to form a race-course, and then exit Beadle ringing a bell violently.



\* For the correct Beadle's uniform see "Fireworks."

Enter Two Boys, adorned with ribbons, and mounted on DONKEYS,\*



which they urge on with sticks. The Villagers are delighted, and laugh and stamp on the floor. The Beadle stands at the end of the room holding in his hand the sweepstakes. The excitement of the race grows immense; the spectators waving their handkerchiefs and cheering on the Boys who cannot make their Donkeys move.

Enter POOR MOTHER with a long pole, having a bunch of cabbages tied to the end of it. She hands it to her Son and prays. The Boy holds it before his Donkey who immediately gallops after it. The



People cheer, and the Beadle hands the purse to the fortunate winner.

The Boy advances to his Poor Mother, and kneeling, presents the money to her with it.

Beadle and Villagers weep.

\* Gentlemen may object to appear in this character, but they must not be listened to. Any one who has been newly married will perform the part to the life.

# SEASHORE.

## A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.



### ACT I.

#### SEA--

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

|                        |                  |                    |
|------------------------|------------------|--------------------|
| CAREFUL MOTHER.        | LITTLE CHILDREN. | TWO BATHING WOMEN. |
| NERVOUS OLD GENTLEMAN. |                  | VISITORS.          |

SCENE—*The Sands of Brighton, with the curtains at the end of the room bulged out like the awning of a Bathing machine.*

Enter BATHING WOMEN, supposed to be wet through. They bow



to CAREFUL MOTHER AND LITTLE CHILDREN, and express their great love for the darlings. Careful Mother makes signs to them, and they fetch towels and hand the Bathing party into the machine.

Enter VISITORS, who, by pretending to swim, inform Bathing Women that they wish to bathe; and having each paid a card-counter, they demand towels, and hurry off with them under their arms.

Enter (from behind curtains) one of the Little Children in its night-gown. It screams at the sight of the water, and kicks violently, but is instantly seized by the Bathing Women, who take it by the arms and legs and plunge it into the waves. This is done three times, when the Infant is taken out in a fainting condition, and handed to Careful Mother.



When all the "angels" have been dipped, the Mother closes the curtain, and *exeunt* Bathing Women.

Enter NERVOUS OLD GENTLEMAN, swimming in a huge mackintosh for bathing-gown. He wears spectacles. He expresses that it is very cold, and that he is about to get into his bathing machine, and points to the one which Careful Mother and Little Children have hired. Advancing to the curtains, he is surprised to find the door locked, and pushes violently against it. A loud scream is heard within. As Nervous Old Gentleman continues pushing, a parasol is thrust out from the curtains. He is pushed back, and falls head over heels into the water.



Enter Two Bathing Women armed with long sticks. They keep their eyes shut, and drive off Nervous old Gentleman.



The curtains of bathing machine are then drawn aside, when exit Careful Mother and Little Children with very wet hair, and looking so much better for their fainting and screaming.

Bathing Women bow them out.



## ACT II.

## --SHORE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

|                           |                       |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOSTER. | LORD HASTINGS.        |
| DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.       | LORDS OF THE COUNCIL. |
| BISHOP OF ELY.            | JANE SHORE.           |
|                           | SOLDIERS.             |
|                           | CITIZENS.             |

SCENE 1—*Council Chamber at the Tower. At the end of the stage, the sofa of state for the Lords of the Council. Arm-chair for throne.*

Enter LORDS OF THE COUNCIL robed in dressing-gowns of state, and wearing their ermine victorine wigs of office. They take their seats on sofa.

Enter LORD HASTINGS, as magnificently dressed as he can be. He is received by the Lords of the Council, who hand him to the arm-chair throne. Some converse, and some read newspapers.



(*Flourish of trumpets.*)

Enter RICHARD DUKE OF GLOSTER in cap and plumes, and a pillow stuffed up the back of his mantilla for royal hump. At his side is hung his sword, which he draws on entering. The DUKE of BUCKINGHAM, also very richly dressed, follows closely. The Dukes wink to each other, and the Council seem alarmed.

Gloster advancing towards the table, bares his arm and strikes the



table with his sword, whilst Buckingham exhibits a placard on which is written, "JANE SHORE DID IT."

Lord Hastings, rising, expresses great indignation, and, by hitting the back of his head with his hand, intimates that Jane Shore ought to be beheaded; or at least (putting an imaginary cord round his neck) hung.

Gloster is greatly enraged, and striking the table three times as a signal,

Enter SOLDIERS, with helmets of meat covers, and armed with brooms for halberts. They seize Lord Hastings, who is led off to execution.

Exit Gloster, surrounded by trembling Council, who compliment him on his great beauty and wisdom.

SCENE 2—*An imaginary Street, with St. Paul's supposed to be visible in the distance.*

Enter GRAND PROCESSION, headed by CARDINAL BOURCHIER and the BISHOP OF ELY in their sacerdotal robes of chintz bed-curtains, with mitres of newspapers; the DUKES OF GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, and the LORDS OF THE COUNCIL, follow in their robes of state.

Enter SOLDIERS well armed, and carrying banners of fire-screens.

Enter JANE SHORE, with her hair down, and closely guarded. Over her is thrown a white sheet, and in her hand she carries a drawing-room candlestick. She is pale and weeps, but is hurried



on by brutal Soldiers. Gloster again winks to Buckingham, who puts his finger against his nose in answer.

Enter Citizens, who cheer the Dukes and hoot Jane Shore. She trembles and does penance by the window curtains, after which she is hunted from the stage by enraged Citizens.

Gloster is proclaimed King, and exit Procession.

(*Flourish of trumpets.*)



## ACT III.

## SEASHORE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ARTIST.

HIS WIFE.

HIS DAUGHTER.

BOATMEN.

SCENE—*The Seashore at Ramsgate. The tide is down.*

Enter ARTIST, whose beard of tobacco proclaims him to be a foreigner. HIS WIFE and HIS DAUGHTER follow in walking costume. In his hands the Artist carries the music stand for easel, and under his arm a music portfolio. His Wife has her basket, and His Daughter a large umbrella, and the shovel for spade. The Artist opens his umbrella and commences painting, while His Wife knits a purse, and His Daughter, in a white pinafore and sash, digs holes in the sand. The



Artist several times leans back to see the effect of his picture, and they are delighted with the fine painting. They are so intent upon their work that they do not see that the tide is coming in very fast. This can only be shown by the sudden exit of Artist's hat floating to the door by means of a piece of string.

Enter BOATMEN, who shout to Artist, but are unable to make him hear.

His Wife, on looking up, is alarmed at finding they are surrounded by the waves. They are greatly terrified and fly to the ottoman, to which they cling as if to the rugged rocks. Artist waves a pocket handkerchief, and puts his wife's bonnet on the end of the umbrella as a signal. His Wife, in vain, endeavours to pacify His Daughter, who is kicking and screaming; and, at last, overcome by her feelings, she bursts into tears. The waves are supposed to mount higher and higher. His Wife and His Daughter cling tightly to Artist, who

becomes more and more frightened. He embraces them, and tries to persuade them to let him swim to shore, but they refuse.

Enter Boatmen rowing the sofa, which they pull close up to the



rocks of ottoman. Artist, His Wife, and Daughter, hastily step into the craft. Artist gives the Boatmen money, and then falls on his knees. His Wife and Daughter do the same. They pray.

The Boatmen weep.



GRAND TABLEAU.

# HORNPIPE.

## A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

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ACT I.

HORN--

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MASTER OF THE HUNT.
HOUNDS.

HUNTSMEN.
HUNTERS.

SERVANT.
FOX.

SCENE—*As extensive a country as can be imagined. About it, several ditches and hedges.*

Enter MASTER OF THE HUNT and HUNTSMEN on foot, with their trousers tucked up, to show their Wellington boots with brown paper tops to them. Each one carries a walking-stick for whip; and whilst some raise their hands to one side of their mouths and practice their “yoicks,” others, with their hats on one side, pretend to be riding after the approved theatrical style.

Enter SERVANT, with a jug of ale and several tumblers. The Master of the Hunt and Huntsmen fill their glasses, and drink to the success of the hunt.



A horn is heard outside, and is followed by the yelping of the dogs.

The Huntsmen start. Their faces glow with delight; and, holding out one arm to the door, *exeunt*, pointing.

Enter FOX, stealing cautiously along. He looks very cunning, and winks several times to show how knowing he is. He has a splendid stair-broom for brush.

The horn is heard without. The Fox starts, and listens attentively; then with one, two, or three bounds, he rushes out at the door.

Enter HOUNDS, yelping, and followed by the Master of the Hunt on his HUNTER, whipping and urging them on.

Enter Huntsmen on their Hunters, some with their hands beside their open mouths, and as if shouting "yoiks," and others blowing horns of rolls of music. They all ride round the extensive front drawing-room country once or twice, when

Exit Master of the Hunt and Hounds, followed by two of the Huntsmen.

One of the Hunters is urged on by bold Huntsman to take the bolster hedge which is before him. The Horse shies, and the rider is thrown. A second brave Sportsman shares his fate. *Exeunt* Hunters at full gallop, followed by Huntsmen on foot.

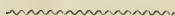
Enter Fox, panting heavily. He is quickly surrounded by the Hounds, who rush upon him. Horns heard without.

Enter Master of the Hunt, who leaps from his steed, and killing the Fox, cuts off his tail of stair-broom.

Enter Huntsmen, who dismount. They raise their caps, and pointing to the tail, hurrah!
(*Flourish of Horns.*)



TABLEAU.



ACT II.

--PIPE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DECEITFUL HUSBAND.

TRUSTING WIFE.

SCENE 1—*The Drawing-room in house of Deceitful Husband.*

Enter DECEITFUL HUSBAND, picking his teeth to show he has just dined. He walks about the room nervously. Suddenly he stops, and, by claspng his hands and pretending to smoke, informs the audience how delighted he would be if he had a pipe. But somebody in the passage—he says in eloquent dumb-show—always shakes her head when he attempts to smoke.

Enter TRUSTING WIFE, who advances lovingly to Deceitful Husband. They embrace. Pulling out his watch, he informs her, by whistling and opening his eyes, that he is astonished to find it so late. He tells her by waving his hand to the door that he must be gone on business. She consents, smiling; and, fetching his hat and coat, dresses him, and bids him take care of himself. When her back is turned, Deceitful Husband winks to the audience, and tells them in joyous action that he is going to have a smoke. Then kissing his wife fondly, *exceunt*, toying.

SCENE 2—*A back attic in the house of Deceitful Husband. No furniture to be seen. Against the wall, the screen arranged as fire-place.*

Enter DECEITFUL HUSBAND, with his coat and hat on, and a long clay pipe and black bottle in his hand. He winks, and, for laughing, can scarcely inform the audience that he has deceived his wife.

He pulls a newspaper from his pocket, and, lighting his pipe, sits down on the floor close to the chimney. He smokes and reads his paper. Every now and then he stops to rub his coat-button, to tell how good the tobacco is.

As he is reading, a loud knock is heard at the door of attic. Husband is considerably



alarmed, and does not stir, for very fear. The knocking continues and at length the door is burst open.

Enter TRUSTING WIFE, sniffing and shaking her forefinger at Deceitful Husband, who rises, and endeavours to hide the pipe and black bottle behind his back. Trusting Wife stamps on the floor, and commands him to show his hands. He endeavours to soothe and pacify her, but in vain; and she still insists upon seeing his hands. At last he

shows her his pipe. She is horrified, and, turning aside, bursts into tears. (*She weeps.*)

Deceitful Husband is overcome with the touching spectacle, and approaches to comfort her. She waves him from her, holding her nose with her pocket handkerchief, to avoid the disgusting smell of smoke. Deceitful Husband promises her to reform.* She is softened by his vows, and entreats him—as well as she can without speaking—to swear that he will henceforth renounce the pipe.

Deceitful Husband snaps his pipe in two, and, pointing to the ceiling, swears. *Exeunt*, fondling each other.



TABLEAU.

* A promise to reform is very difficult to express in dumb-show. Perhaps beating the forehead, and staring wildly at the ceiling, is the best way of doing it.

ACT III.

HORNPIPE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SAILOR.

MUSICIANS.

AUDIENCE.

SCENE—*Interior of a theatre, the stage lit up with rows of candles at one end, and chairs for pit audience at the other.*

Enter AUDIENCE with large baskets of provisions and bottles of refreshments for the evening's performance. They take their seats in the pit, and commence eating. Many spread handkerchiefs on their laps, and regale themselves with a regular supper; whilst others merely suck oranges, and throw the peel at one another.

Enter MUSICIANS into orchestra of sofa. They tune their instruments, until Audience, growing impatient, stamp on the floor and hiss. (*Music in orchestra.*) Whilst the music is playing, some of the audience join in with their whistles. (*A bell rings in the passage.*)

Enter, (on the stage) SAILOR, stopping short, as if he had been



running. On his shoulder he carries a stick with a bundle at the end of it. He informs the audience, by clasping his hands to the wall, that he has come to see his sweetheart. He presses his bosom to describe his passion for her; and his joy grows so delirious that he is forced to dance a hornpipe. (*Music.*) During the dance the audience applaud loudly. At the split they are excited beyond bounds, and wave their hats in the air.

When the *pas* has been concluded, they will not allow the sailor to proceed with his story, and describe his shipwreck, but insist on an *encore*.





The dance is again gone through, the applause growing more and more excessive. At the end the Sailor again attempts his description of the shipwreck, but is once more interrupted; and a repetition of the dance called for. The Sailor expostulates, and points to his legs, to say that he is tired. They will not listen to him.

Exit Sailor, who shortly returns with the jack-chain round his legs for fetters.



The Audience are in fits of delight. The dance is once more performed in fetters. The pit rises to a man, and cheers. *Exeunt* Sailor, Audience, and Musicians, delighted.



CUTRAGE.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

~~~~~

### ACT I.

#### OUT--

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A LADY.

VISITORS.

IRISH FOOTMAN.

SERVANTS.

SCENE 1—*A drawing-room in the house of a LADY. The room is in confusion, the chairs placed one on another, and the table covered with chimney ornaments, to tell that it is a day for “doing the drawing-room.”*

Enter a LADY, with her hair in papers, and dirty white kid gloves on. She holds a feather broom in one hand and a duster in the other. Her face wears an expression of intense fatigue.

Enter SERVANTS, with pails and brooms. Some kneel down and commence scrubbing, whilst the others sweep the floor.

Enter the IRISH FOOTMAN, who begins dancing about, and every now and then crying “darlint,” to show the land of his birth. He is ordered by the Lady to polish the chairs, whilst she herself dusts the picture frames, and wipes chimney ornaments.

Suddenly a loud double knock is heard in the passage. The Lady starts, and, as she pulls on her cap, stamps on the floor to express how tiresome it is. She goes cautiously to the window to see who the Visitors are; and having intimated that they are carriage people—by pretending to hold some reins and a whip—points to her curl papers, and wrings her hands with sorrow. Pulling out a placard inscribed, “SAY I’M OUT,” she shows it to the Irish Footman, who



crying "Och!" bounds from the room, followed by Servants and Lady.

SCENE 2—*Passage in the house of a Lady. At the end the drawing-room door for street door.*

Enter IRISH FOOTMAN, dancing wildly, and crying "Macree!" The knock is repeated, and having shaken his fist at the door, he advances and opens it.

Enter VISITORS, splendidly dressed, and holding their card cases in their hands. As they arrange their bonnets, they inquire in genteel action, whether the Lady is at home. Footman shakes his head, and spreads his arms open to prevent the Ladies advancing. They are surprised at his impudence, and cast withering glances at the fellow. The footman then exhibits a placard inscribed,



"MISSUS SAYS SHE IS OUT!" The Ladies are disgusted, and dashing their cards on the ground with passion, leave the house.

The Man picks up the cards, and, winking knowingly, laughs outright, dancing about with joy at having done his duty.

Exit Footman, dancing.



## ACT II.

### --RAGE.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PASSIONATE HUSBAND.

KNAGGING WIFE.

HUSBAND'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

SCENE—*Dining-room in house of Passionate Husband. A table covered with a dinner-cloth is seen in the centre.*

Enter PASSIONATE HUSBAND, in walking costume, and carrying his business blue bag. He is astonished at finding no one in the room. He looks at his watch, and with a look of anger, holds up seven

fingers to tell that it is seven o'clock. He goes through the process of eating, at the same time shaking his head to inform the audience that the dinner is late. In his rage he throws away his blue bag, dashes his hat on the floor, and rushing to the bell-rope, rings violently until he pulls it down.



Enter KNAGGING WIFE, with great dignity, and looking very cross. She, in disdainful pantomime, inquires the cause of his rage. He points to the table. Holding up seven fingers, he pulls out his watch to tell her that it is seven o'clock. Knagging Wife sneers at watch, and pulling out her own, holds up six fingers. Husband, in a greater rage, shakes his seven fingers in his Wife's face, dancing about with passion all the while. She stands gazing on him with contempt, and still pointing to her six fingers.



Enter MOTHER-IN-LAW, who has come to dinner. She is surprised at the scene that is going forward, and lets her parasol drop in her amazement. Husband, on seeing her, rushes forward, and seizing her by the arm, drags her to his Wife. Then showing her his watch, he commands her to state the time. In her alarm Mother does not know what to do.

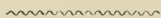


Her Daughter keeps on saying that it is six, and her son seven. At last she, in her endeavours to agree with both her children, holds up six fingers, and one half doubled up, to intimate that it is half-past six. On this her Son-in-Law's rage increases. He seizes the chairs and dashes them on the floor, breaking them in pieces.\* He upsets the table, until quite exhausted he picks up a chair and sinks into it. Mother-in-Law faints, and—the clock strikes seven.



\* For the success of this act, something ought to be broken. If it is only a kitchen chair it helps, but a card table would be the proper thing.

The Husband is astonished to find that he was wrong. He is overcome by his feelings, and drawing his cheque-book writes a handsome draft. He advances coaxingly to his Wife. She beckons him from her, stamping with indignation. On seeing the cheque she grows calmer, and bursts into tears. Husband clasps her in his arms. Mother-in-Law comes to, and rising, blesses them.



## ACT III.

## OUTRAGE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OMNIBUS MAN.      A STOUT GENTLEMAN.      A LADY, *en tres bon point*.  
THEIR THREE PLUMP CHILDREN.      PASSENGERS.      THE RAIN.\*

SCENE—*The Strand, as closely as it can be imitated. The Rain is supposed to be descending in torrents. At the end of the room the sofa for the omnibus, with a placard written, "TO THE BANK," fastened on it.*

Enter OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR, in a huge white cape, and saucepan lid fastened round his neck for a badge, following PASSENGERS—all holding up umbrellas—and soliciting them to enter his omnibus. They are persuaded, and take their seats. The Conductor, mounting on his board, holds up his finger and leans forward, hailing on all



sides. The Passengers within grow impatient at the delay, and keep pulling Conductor by his coat, frowning at him. They point threateningly to his badge, and pull out their note-books to take his number. Conductor in vain endeavours to pacify them. He compli-

\* Rain can be made in any quantity by rustling paper, or small pieces of tin, in the passage outside. A few peas in a saucepan make a very nice shower; but for "cats and dogs" it is always much better for two or three of the company to sh-e-e-ew.

ments the Ladies, and appeals to the Gentlemen, but without effect, for all the "fares" take his number. He again mounts his stand, and hails on all sides. Umbrellas are thrust from the omnibus, and the Passengers poke the Conductor with the ferrules. Just as the Man is about to resent,

Enter **STOUT GENTLEMAN** running and hailing omnibus. In one hand he holds his large umbrella, and with the other he wipes his forehead.

Enter a **LADY en tres bon point**, also running, and carrying large parcels.

Enter **THEIR THREE PLUMP CHILDREN**, one after another, and panting for breath. Conductor descends from his perch, and all the Passengers gaze with horror on the great size of the new comers. The Stout Gentleman between his gasps, inquires, in pantomime, whether there is any room. Conductor immediately nods in answer, and invites the Family to enter the omnibus. The Passengers inside



here refuse. They indignantly oppose the entrance with their umbrellas. Conductor is enraged, and lifting up one of the Children thrusts it in, but it is immediately pushed out again. The Passengers descend from the 'bus in great anger. They point to the new comers, and intimate they are too large to be admitted. They also object to their wet umbrellas.

Conductor demands his fare. They all refuse, and buttoning up their pockets make for the passage, pursued by Conductor, squaring and jumping in circles round the Passengers, who defend themselves with their umbrellas.

*Exeunt omnes*, disputing, and raving.



# GAMESTER.

## A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.



### ACT I.

#### GAME-

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

|                         |              |              |
|-------------------------|--------------|--------------|
| SPORTSMAN.              | HIS FRIEND.  | THEIR DOGS.* |
| LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.   | GAMEKEEPERS. | BOYS.        |
| A COVEY OF PARTRIDGES.* | A HARE.*     |              |

SCENE—*A Preserve on the 1st of September.*

Enter SPORTSMAN and HIS FRIEND. In their hands they carry their double-barrel brooms, and at their sides are bags of ammunition. They clap their hands, when

Enter GAMEKEEPER, followed by THEIR DOGS, who fawn round their Masters, and receive several kicks. They lie down.

Sportsman informs Gamekeeper that he is desirous of shooting. The man whistles, when

Enter BOYS, armed with long poles. They fetch chairs for Sports-



\* To play with satisfaction the arduous parts of Dogs, Hares, and Partridges, the actors should as closely as possible imitate the distinguishing actions of those creatures. The Dogs should fawn, whine, and stand like pointers. The Hare must take long leaps on all-fours, and double and scream; and the Partridges should flap their arms for wings, and run along à l'ostrich.

man and His Friend, and then taking the Dogs, they force their way into the wood.

Enter a COVEY OF PARTRIDGES. The Sportsmen fire, but do not hit the Birds. Gamekeeper grins, and hands them fresh loaded brooms.

Enter a HARE, pursued by Their Dogs. It is fired at, and again missed. Fresh brooms are handed to the Sportsmen.

The Sportsmen grow disgusted with the sport, and throw down their brooms. They present the Gamekeeper with money, and beg of him to shoot some game for them. The man consents.



Re-enter Covey of Partridges. Gamekeeper fires and kills them. The Sportsmen are in raptures, and hastily pick up the game.

Enter LADIES and GENTLEMEN with baskets of refreshments. They are delighted with the number of brace killed, and compliment Sportsman and His Friend upon their skill. They bow and smile, and partake of refreshments. Gamekeeper calls the Dogs, who immediately point at dead birds. The Ladies fondle them, and are delighted with their sagacity. *Exeunt omnes.*



## ACT II.

## --STIR.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRUNKEN COBBLER.  
MOB.

HIS WIFE.  
POLICEMAN.

PUBLICAN.

SCENE—*Outside of a Public-house. On one post is a draught-board for sign, and on the other a placard, written "PORTER 3D. A POT."*

Enter PUBLICAN, from the public-house, dragging after him DRUNKEN COBBLER, with a pipe in his mouth, who resists with all his might. His white paper cap is knocked off in the scuffle, and his leathern apron of cotton torn from him. He is pushed into the street, when he lies upon the pavement, and continues smoking.



Enter HIS WIFE, looking for him in all directions. At last she sees him, and is horrified at his dreadful condition, wringing her hands, and beating her breast. She kneels over him, wipes his face, and solicits him, by endearing actions, to go home. Drunken Cobbler refuses to stir, answering her in the most heart-rending pantomime. She weeps.



Enter MOB, who gather round and abuse Drunken Cobbler. His Wife once more endeavours to tempt him homewards, but he will not stir, and at last pushes her violently from him. The Mob interferes, when Cobbler stands up and threatens to fight them. In her alarm, Wife begs of them to desist, and is again ill-treated by her brutal Husband.

Enter POLICEMAN, who dispels the Mob by hitting them with his rolling-pin staff. The Drunken Cobbler is ordered to move on, but he refuses to stir, and sneers at Policeman, who grows angry. He springs his rattle, when

Enter more POLICEMEN, bearing with them a stretcher, made out

of the clothes-basket. They seize the Cobbler, who struggles violently. He is bound to the stretcher. His wife weeps over him. She appeals to the Constables, but in vain. The Cobbler makes himself as heavy as he can, and it is with difficulty Policemen can move him.

Exit Cobbler and Policemen, followed by weeping Wife and indignant Mob.



### ACT III.

#### GAMESTER.

##### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GAMESTER.      HIS FRIENDS.      SERVANTS.      GAMESTER'S WIFE.

SCENE.—*A magnificent saloon in St. James's Street. On one side a table with wine and refreshments.*

Enter GAMESTER and HIS FRIENDS. They collect round a table and call upon SERVANTS to bring them cards. Gamester pulls out his purse, and, laying it down as the stakes, seizes his cards. His hand shakes with emotion. He plays, but luck is against him, and he loses. Gamester grows desperate, and beckons for wine. Then, laying down some notes, he again seizes the cards, and again loses.

He rises from his chair, strikes his forehead, and paces the room. Then taking from his pocket his title-deeds of old newspapers, he shows them to His Friends, who closely examine them. They are satisfied, and the stakes are again made. The whole room gathers round the table, and the cards are dealt. Some of His Friends place themselves

behind Gamester's chair, and telegraph to his opponent the hand he holds.



The Gamester once more loses, and dashing the chair from him, hurries to the refreshment table, and swallows a tumbler full from a bottle labelled "Brandy."

His Friends solicit him to return and try his luck once more. He tells them, by turning his trousers' pockets inside out, that he has no money, and asks them to lend him some. They refuse, and point to his coat. He consents, and, going to the table, he stakes his coat. Again he loses, and in his madness throws his waistcoat, umbrella, and hat upon the table.



Once more he is unfortunate, and taking the cards up, he flings them against the wall. Then drawing from his pocket a bottle marked "Poison," he retires to the back of room, and gazes madly on the phial, passing his fingers through his hair. He is about to swallow the deadly contents, when

Enter HIS WIFE with a placard, on which is written "£30,000."



She tells him, by turning the placard, that her uncle has just died, and left her his heiress. The Gamester is reformed, and throws the

bottle away. He falls at her feet. She spurns him with contempt, and, pointing to the cards, shakes her head in disgust. She, in stern pantomime, refuses to acknowledge him unless he will swear henceforth for ever to renounce gambling.

HE SWEARS.

His Friends are so affected, that they also advance and offer to take the same oath. They all kneel, and, pointing to the same spot in the ceiling, swear.

Servants weep.



GRAND TABLEAU.

# PASTYL.

## A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

### ACT I.

#### PAS-

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MADemoISELLES, (*premiere danseuses at the Academie—Hammersmith*).  
SIGNOR.      MUSICIANS.      BOXKEEPER.      SPECTATORS.      LINKMEN.

SCENE—*Interior of a Theatre. At the back is seen the stage, with candles ranged in front for lamps, and the sofa for orchestra. Chairs placed round for spectators.*



Enter SPECTATORS, in full dress. They are shown into their chairs by the BOXKEEPER, who hands to each a sheet of music for play-bill.

Enter MUSICIANS into orchestral sofa, and the tuning of imaginary instruments commences. Some tune their bellows for violins, some sound a few notes on their trumpets of poker, and others ascend the scale on their flutes of walking-sticks. The Spectators grow impatient, stamp upon the floor, and clap their hands, when a bell is heard to ring, and

Enter (on the stage) SIGNOR and MADemoISELLES. The Spectators raise their *lorgnettes* to examine them. They are greatly applauded,

and bow gracefully in acknowledgment. The Signor is dressed as a Highland chief, with tartan scarf over his shoulder, and an ermine cuff hanging from his waist for philibeg. The Demoiselles wear the book muslin skirts, and, if possible, the black velvet bodices of the Scottish lassies.

The orchestra performs the celebrated Highland fling, and the *pas* commences. During the performance the applause increases. At each fresh round the Signor jumps higher and higher, and the Mademoiselles stamp harder and harder, according to the popular notion of the Scottish poetry of motion.

At the conclusion the Dancers are called forward, and bouquets are



showered down from all quarters. The Signor picks them up, and in the fifth position presents them to the Demoiselles. Renewed applause. The Dancers bow again and again, with their hands on their hearts to express their gratitude.

The Musicians play "God save the Queen," the Spectators standing up all the while. At the conclusion the audience put on their scarfs and hats, and retire highly delighted.

Enter LINKMEN, with lanterns, who, touching their hair, ask the Spectators, in pantomime, whose carriage they are to call. Then, rushing into the passage, with their hands on one side of their mouths, they shout out the usual, Lady this-and-that's, or Lady so-and-so's carriage, which is immediately answered by another voice declaring that it stops the way.



## ACT II.

## -TIL.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CROCKERY MERCHANT.

LADY AND GENTLEMAN.

YOUNG THIEF.

HIS FRIENDS.

SCENE—*Interior of the warehouse of Crockery Merchant. In the centre a table covered with plates, dishes, and cups. In the front pans arranged near the door of the warehouse.*

Enter CROCKERY MERCHANT, with an apron on, and his ledger under his arm. Behind his ear is seen his pen. He seats himself at the table and awaits his customers.

Enter LADY and GENTLEMAN, who desire the Merchant to



show them his goods. They are extremely delighted with the breakfast cups, and the Gentleman drawing his pocket-book gives two notes for them. The grateful Merchant bows his Customers to the door, and then, folding up the notes, he pulls out the drawer and places them in the till of his table. Feeling exhausted, he throws his handkerchief over his eyes, and falls asleep.

Enter YOUNG THIEF on tiptoe. He points to the sleeping Merchant, and to his own pocket, to show that he intends taking the notes. He advances cautiously to the table, and opening the till, takes



out the notes, and kisses them enthusiastically. Thrusting them into his breast, he hurries out of the shop, but at the door he stumbles over one of the pans, and falls to the ground with a crash. He, however, is quickly rescued by HIS FRIENDS, and exit.

The Merchant is aroused. Seeing the till open, he is surprised at the absence of his notes. He feels in his pocket, but without success,



until the truth bursts upon him, and he vows vengeance upon his despoilers. Seizing his hat and umbrella, he prepares to sally forth. But no sooner has he reached the door than he is surrounded by the



Friends of Young Thief, who knock his hat down over his eyes and decamp, leaving the poor Merchant groping about in the dark, and hitting right and left with his umbrella. Exit Merchant.



### ACT III.

#### PASTIL.

##### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SICK GENTLEMAN. HIS WIFE. HIS DAUGHTERS. DOCTOR.

SCENE—*Sleeping apartment in the house of Sick Gentleman. At the end of the room the window curtains are arranged as a bed.*

Enter SICK GENTLEMAN, as pale as flour can make him, with his dressing-gown and night-cap on. He is supported by HIS WIFE and one of HIS DAUGHTERS, the other one holding the rush-light shade,



which she places near the bed. The Sick Gentleman is placed on his couch, when he is "taken very bad indeed." By showing the whites of his eyes, and panting heavily, he greatly alarms his anxious Wife, who hands to him his physic, whilst one of the Daughters holds a piece of sugar ready for him. He blesses them.

Enter DOCTOR, with a gold-headed walking-stick to his mouth, and huge watch seals hanging from his fob. He complains of the closeness of the room by holding his nose, and orders one of the Daughters to light some pastils, which is immediately done.

The Sick Gentleman is much refreshed by the delicious perfume, and expresses his delight by constant sniffing. The Doctor feels his pulse, and intimates by his actions, that "we must not worry ourselves, but keep ourselves in bed." After he has looked at the Sick Man's tongue, he, in action, informs the weeping Wife



and Daughters "that we must have pastils continually burning." Then placing his hand behind his back, he receives his card-counter guinea, and leaves the room, followed by Sick Gentleman, His Wife, and Daughters.

# BLUNDERBUSS.

## A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

### ACT I.

#### BLUNDER--

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SICK MOTHER.                      DELICATE FAMILY.                      HER HUSBAND.  
CODDLING OLD AUNT.                      SERVANT.  
CHEMIST'S YOUNG MAN.

SCENE—*Splendid apartment in villa of Her Husband. On the mantelpiece, several plaster casts.*

Enter SICK MOTHER, who is forced into large easy chair by CODDLING OLD AUNT, who has followed close at her heels. The Old Lady rings the bell, and desires the SERVANT to bring in the DELICATE FAMILY. As soon as they have arrived, she draws from her pocket a large parcel, labelled "BEST EPSOM SALTS," and informs them that they must take



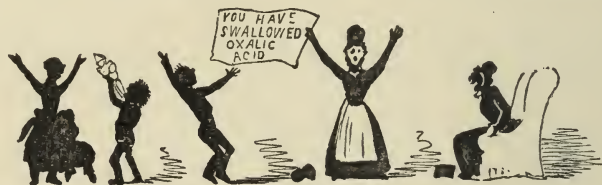
a spoonful all round. Delicate family immediately commence weeping and kicking, but are silenced by Old Aunt, who shows them the sugar they are to have afterwards.\*

\* The beautiful and affecting ceremony of physic-taking may here be gone through with great effect. If well done, it often affects mothers to tears.

As soon as each has taken a dose all round, the Servant is called up and forced to take some also.

Enter HER HUSBAND, who is immediately besought to try a spoonful of salts. He refuses; and Old Aunt, angry that he will not take her physic, falls into a pet, and, turning her back upon him, takes a newspaper from the table, and reads. Suddenly she starts up, and, stamping on the ground, tears her false front and beats her breast. All the family are alarmed, and rise to inquire the cause of her sorrow.

She points to the newspaper. Husband holds it up, and on it is written, "YOU HAVE SWALLOWED OXALIC ACID!" Sick Lady, having



shouted police, to give Old Aunt in charge, is about to faint; when Old Aunt points to the ceiling and plaster images, and desires them to give her some to eat, intimating that it is the only thing that can save them. They all seize the casts, which are divided among them, the Husband, in great sorrow, forcing his Delicate Children to swallow their portion.

Enter CHEMIST'S YOUNG MAN, smiling and bowing politely. Old Aunt points to him as the person who sold the poison in mistake to her, and, rushing to him, seizes him by the collar. He draws from his pocket a placard, inscribed, "YOU HAVE SWALLOWED THE VERY BEST EPSOM SALTS AFTER ALL—AN ALLOWANCE ON TAKING A QUANTITY."



They are all delighted, and, having abused Old Aunt, kneel down and thank Providence for their preservation. *Exeunt omnes.*

## ACT II.

## --BUSS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SCHOOLMISTRESS.

NATIVE DE PARIS.

YOUNG LADIES.

IMPUDENT OFFICER.

SCENE—*Hampstead Heath.*

Enter YOUNG LADIES, walking two-and-two, headed by the NATIVE DE PARIS, wearing two large *acroche-cœurs* gummed to her cheeks to show that she is of French extraction. At the end of the ranks is the SCHOOLMISTRESS, looking very stern, and endeavouring to make the Young Ladies walk upright. Every now and then she taps her Scholars on the shoulders, to make them keep their shoulders in.



Enter an IMPUDENT OFFICER with beautiful curly mustachios of burnt cork. He wears his cap on one side; with the strap round his chin; and his waist is pulled in by a red silk scarf, to show that he is in the army. Under one arm he carries his sword of walking-stick. On seeing the Young Ladies, he stands still, with his legs very wide apart, and examines them through his eye-glass.

The Schoolmistress is disgusted, and in angry pantomime directs all the Young Ladies to hide their faces with their parasols. They are so much alarmed that they are unable to advance, and, breaking the ranks, collect together in a group, and cling to each other.

The Impudent Officer is delighted with the sport, and, despite the Schoolmistress shaking her parasol at him, only stands still and laughs.

The tallest of the young ladies commence screaming, whilst the Mistress rushes round her pupils prepared to defend them to the last.

At length order is restored, and the school is about to depart, when the Native de Paris exhibits symptoms of fainting.

She is nearly falling, when the Impudent Officer rushes forward, and catches her in his arms. The Young Ladies grow very nervous,



and the Mistress orders the First Class to scream "Police!" She is so horrified, that she covers her face with her handkerchief, and beats her breast. She entreats the Young Ladies—as two more sink into the impudent officer's arms—not to forget themselves, and to struggle with their feelings.

At last the Impudent Officer, having peeped cautiously round to see if any one was looking, attempts to kiss the Native de Paris, who



still remains insensible. The Schoolmistress shakes her finger at her Professoress, and is about to dismiss her, when she suddenly starts up, and, casting a withering look at the Officer, rushes off, followed by the Young Ladies and Schoolmistress.

Exit Officer, holding his sides, and stamping on the floor with mirth.



## ACT III.

## BLUNDERBUSS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

POOR LONE BACHELOR.

SEVERAL CATS.

SCENE—*The back attic of Poor Lone Bachelor. On one side, the sofa prepared as his bed, and over the fire-place a blunderbuss,\* labelled "Loaded." On the table a jug and basin.*

Enter POOR LONE BACHELOR, holding a rush-light shade, which he places in the basin. He tells the audience that he is very tired, by



leaning his head on his hand, and yawning. Then, taking off his coat and waistcoat, he slips on his nightcap, and jumps into sofa bedstead.

The cries of CATS† are heard on the distant tiles, and Poor Lone Bachelor is unable to sleep. He turns first on one side, and then on another, but with no effect. At last he jumps out of bed, and, opening the window, sh-u-u's away at the Cats.

Shivering with cold, he jumps into bed again; but no sooner does he try to go to sleep than the Cats again begin their noise, much louder than before.

Nearly driven mad with the uproar, he leaps savagely from his couch, and, seizing the water-jug, empties the whole of it on the Cats.

Once more he tries to go to sleep; but just as he begins to snore,

\* If there is not a blunderbuss or gun in the house, a good bulky umbrella will answer the purpose very well, provided it has got a large, round handle.

† The imitative powers of the company must here be exerted to their utmost. The Cat's cry itself is not difficult; but, oh! it's the spitting that wants the practice.

his tormenters commence their shrieks right under his window, and so loud that the Poor Lone Bachelor is roused again out of his sleep.

Desperate with anger, he rushes to the blunderbuss. He takes it



down, examines the priming, and winks knowingly. He opens the window as softly as he can, and, having looked for the Cats, takes his aim. He fires,\* and is knocked into the middle of the room by the kicking of the blunderbuss. The screams of the Cats, and cries



of "Police!" are heard in the neighbourhood; and the Poor Lone Bachelor, rubbing his back, rushes from the room.

\* A nice pianoforte accompaniment from "The Battle of Prague," including the firing of guns and the shrieks of the wounded, might be here neatly introduced.

# COMFIT.

## A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.



### ACT I.

COM-- (Come.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAREFUL HOUSEKEEPER.

CHARWOMAN.

THE CAT.

SCENE—*The store-room in the house of Careful Housekeeper. Against the wall a chiffonier as a larder.*

Enter CHARWOMAN with a large basket. THE CAT follows after her, mewing, and rubbing against her gown. She looks around to be certain that no one is watching her. Then opening the door of chiffonier larder, she fills her basket. Laughing and pointing to The Cat, who has curled itself up and gone to sleep, exit on tip-toe.

Enter CAREFUL HOUSEKEEPER, who also goes to the cupboard. She starts back with horror on looking into it. She takes out an empty dish, and stamps her foot with passion. Then running to the bell, she rings it violently.

Enter Charwoman in a great hurry. Careful Housekeeper shows her the empty dish, and invites her to look into the cupboard. The woman falls back in feigned surprise. She opens her eyes, and shakes her head in wonder at the shameful theft. Housekeeper asks her, by pointing



first at her and then at the chifionier, whether she has been to the larder. Charwoman violently denies it, indignantly repelling the thought. Her eye then rests on the sleeping Cat. She starts, and points to it. The Lady is enraged with the animal, and, running from the room, fetches a cane. Hiding it behind her back, she advances coaxingly to the Puss, stooping and holding out one hand as if saying, "Come! come!" But the Cat keeps a long way off. They go round the room several times, the Charwoman trying to get the creature closer to her Mistress, but without success.



At length, finding it will not come to her, she runs to it and gives it a blow. She then takes a piece of bread to entice it to come to her; but it will not trust her. At last, tired out, she runs after it. The Cat gets frightened, and flies wildly about the room, spitting and screaming.

Housekeeper and Charwoman, in their alarm, make for the door and run off, closely pursued by wild Cat.



## ACT II.

### --FIT.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEAN HUSBAND.

POOR WIFE.

RASH MOTHER-IN-LAW.

SCENE—*Dining-room in town mansion of Mean Husband. The apartment is splendidly furnished.*

Enter POOR WIFE and RASH MOTHER-IN-LAW, in earnest conversation. Poor Wife carries a large music-book, labelled, "HOUSEKEEPING

EXPENSES." She places it on the table with a sigh, and, pointing to it, weeps. Mother-in-Law consoles her; and taking up the book, looks into it. She falls back in amazement on seeing the amount of the week's expenses. Poor Wife intimates that she is very unhappy, and that she knows that somebody in the passage will frown and stamp when he sees the book. Rash Mother-in-Law entreats Poor Wife to fly, and leave her to see her MEAN HUSBAND.

Exit Poor Wife, weeping, and supported by Mother-in-Law.

Enter Mean Husband, who immediately advances to the table, and, opening the housekeeping-book, reads intently, stamping and thumping the table all the time. Suddenly jumping up from his chair, he presses his forehead, and throwing the book to the other side of the room, rings the bell furiously for his Poor Wife.

Enter Rash Mother-in-Law boldly, with her eyes fixed intently on Mean Husband. He points to the book, and still continues ringing. Mother-in-Law, by pointing to the ceiling, and putting on an expression of acute suffering, tells him that his Wife is up-stairs and very ill. Husband shakes his head, and, stamping, insists on her coming down. Mother-in-Law, with a severe look, consents, and exit in search of her daughter.



Enter Poor Wife, looking very ill. She is placed by her mother in a chair. Mean Husband draws from the housekeeping-book a sheet, on which is written, "CHARITIES, £3," and holds it close to his Wife's face. He strikes the paper with his fist, and, frowning, demands to know what it means. Poor Wife is immediately overcome by her feelings, and, falling back, faints. Mother-in-Law, turning to the Mean Husband, shakes her head violently at him, to intimate that he is a brute. Husband flings the sheet of music away; and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, paces the room with agitation.



The Mother-in-Law follows him, abusing him in energetic pantomimic disdain. Mean Husband, suddenly stopping, points to the door, and commands her to depart.

Exit Rash Mother-in-Law, pointing to the ceiling to vow she will never come into the house again.



Poor Wife comes to again, when Mean Husband picks up the sheet, and holds the placard once more before her, and she again faints off.

Mean Husband is moved by her suffering, and wipes her forehead with his pocket-handkerchief. She at last revives. He is penitent, and tears up the placard. She falls into his arms.

Re-enter Rash Mother-in-Law, smiling. She is moved to tears by the affecting spectacle, and blesses her children.



TABLEAU.

### ACT III.

### COMFIT.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AFFECTIONATE PARENTS.  
KIND VISITORS.

THEIR LITTLE CHILDREN.  
NURSE.

SCENE—*Splendid drawing-room in the mansion of Affectionate Parents.*

Enter AFFECTIONATE PARENTS, arm-in-arm and smiling at each other. They sit down on the sofa and look fondly in each other's eyes.

Enter KIND VISITORS, who are welcomed by Affectionate Parents. The Visitors draw from their pockets small parcels of comfits and sticks of sweetmeats, which they give to the Mother, intimating as well in action as they can, that they are for her Little Children. The Mother is delighted, and rings the bell.

Enter NURSE and THEIR LITTLE CHILDREN. They all stand in a row on entering, and make their bows and curtseys. They are dressed in pinafores, and wear long sashes and plenty of ribbon. Kind Visitors

are delighted, and clasp their hands in admiration of the Children's pretty behaviour. They beckon the little things to them, kiss them enthusiastically, and give them the small parcels and sticks of



sweetmeats. The comfits are greedily devoured, the Affectionate Parents being visibly moved by the little ones' delight.

Some of the darlings make their faces in a sad mess, and keep laying their sticky hands on the dresses of Kind Visitors, who appear very uneasy, and gently push them away. The Affectionate Mother wipes her childrens' faces, and endeavours to get back the comfits.

Their Little Children are enraged, and commence crying and stamping about the room. One of them begins to feel unwell, and greatly alarms the Father by its wild looks. The child is snatched up and carried out by Affectionate Parents. The Visitors are surrounded by the other darlings, who ask them for more comfits. They are very angry at not getting any, and throw themselves on the floor, kicking and screaming with passion.

Kind Visitors rise to depart, expressing, in their looks, great disgust for the Little Children.

At the door they are met by the Affectionate Parents, and immediately commence kissing their hands lovingly to the little ones. As they leave the room they in animated gestures express to Affectionate Mother their admiration for her Children.

Enter Nurse, who carries off the darlings, still kicking.

*Exeunt omnes.*



SURGEON.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

SUR-- (Sir).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

YE ANCIENTE BARRONE. YE GENTILL KNIGHTE, (*hys Sonne*).  
YE LADYE FAIRE. (*In love with Ye Gentill Knighte*). YOUTHFULLE SQUIERES  
BOLDE KNIGHTES AND HINDES. PROWDE CHARGERES.

SCENE—*An ancient chapel is supposed to be seen. At one end an altar  
Lamps are lowered to represent night time.*

Enter YE ANCIENTE BARRONNE and YE GENTILL KNIGHTE (*hys Sonne*). The old Father in a gorgeous robe of dressing-gown, and long beard of silvery wadding.

Enter YOUTHFULLE SQUIERES, carrying Ye Knighte's cuirass of dust-pan, helmet of coal-scuttle, shield of tea-tray, and righte trustie sworde of toasting-fork. They place them on the altar, and the Old Barronne, in pathetic dumb show, entreats his Sonne to pray and watch over his arms. He describes to him, by going through the sword exercise, stamping, and thrusting, how his Child must hasten forth and fight his enemies. Hys Sonne kneels before him and he blesses him.



The clock strikes midnight, and exit Ye Anciente Barronne and Youthfulle Squieres, solemnly.

Hys Sonne, taking the sword, walks slowly up and down with his arms crossed over his bosom, guarding his arms.



Noise of Demons heard in the passage.

Ye Knighte starts up and prepares himself to defend his arms. Then kneeling before the altar, he prays. (*Clock strikes one.*)

He describes his passion for some one who has given him a glove. He vows to die for her sake. He again prays. (*Clock strikes two.*)

The wax-lights are re-lit, to show that it is day.

Enter Ye Anciente Barronne, followed by YE LADYE FAIRE, carrying a splendid scarf, supposed to be of her own working.

They advance to Ye Knighte, who with folded arms is still pacing before the altar. Ye Ladye Faire, with her own hands, binds the scarf round his waist.



Enter youthfull Squires, who taking from the altar the helmet of coal-scuttle, and shield of tea-tray, place themselves on each side of Ye Gentill Knight. The young warrior is then equipped in his cuirass of dust-pan, and kneels before his aged Father.

The old Man drawing his huge sword of well-tempered umbrella, strikes the Youth three times on the shoulder. He bids him rise a



Knight, commanding him (as well as he can in pantomime express himself) to bear that blow, but never, never, never another.

(*Trumpets and cheering heard without.*)

Enter BOLDE KNIGHTES and HINDES, leading a PROWDE CHARGER.



Ye Gentill Knighte kisses Ye Ladye Faire's hand, and, mounting. his steed, dashes forth in quest of adventure.

*Exeunt omnes* to slow music.

~~~~~  
ACT II.

--GEON (John).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RICH FATHER.	DOATING MOTHER.	NOBLE GODFATHER.
NOBLE GODMOTHER.	VISITORS.	CLERGYMAN.
THE SWEET BABY.	PEW OPENER.	SERVANTS.
		BEADLE.

SCENE 1—*Splendid drawing-room in mansion of Rich Father.*

Enter RICH FATHER and DOATING MOTHER, arm in arm. Rich Father leads his Wife to the sofa, and, in endearing dumb show, insists upon her sitting down and not exerting herself. She tenderly resists him, telling him, in pathetic action, that she must see her child. He is overcome by her entreaties, and burying his face in his handkerchief, informs the audience, by appropriate actions, that a Mother's affection is a very beautiful thing.* He claps his hands, and



* Unless a true genius can be found among the company, this soliloquy had better be omitted. It is difficult beyond conception.

Enter SERVANTS, with a cradle of clothes-basket, containing THE SWEET BABY of sofa bolster, with a cap and long frock on.* The Mother kisses it madly, and presses it to her bosom,

The Servants turn their heads aside and weep.
Exeunt.

Enter Servant announcing VISITORS, who are welcomed by Rich Father. They all admire the Baby, and are moved by Mother's affection.

Enter NOBLE GODFATHER and GODMOTHER, with candlestick glass ornaments on their breasts for stars. Godmother carries in her hand the gravy-spoon she intends to present her Godson with. Every one rises to receive the noble Visitors. Mother presents the Baby to them. They patronizingly admire it. They mark their high rank by holding their chins high in the air. Visitors are delighted with them, and crowd round, constantly bowing to them. When every one has bowed, *exeunt omnes*, the Servants carrying the cradle.

SCENE 2—*Interior of imaginary church. Near the window curtains a wash-hand basin for a baptismal font.*

Enter CLERGYMAN in robes of white sheet, and followed by BEADLE and PEW OPENER. Having poured some water into the font, they await Rich Father. (*The bells without ring merrily.*†)

Enter Grand Procession, the Servants carrying clothes-basket cradle of Baby, and followed by Doating Mother, entreating them pathetically to take care of the Darling. Rich Father follows, escorting Noble Godfather and Godmother, who are surrounded by the Visitors, complimenting them.

The Clergyman drawing from his pocket a placard, inscribed "WHAT NAME," presents it to the Doating Mother, who exhibits a



* To produce a good effect it would be better to have a real baby, even if it can be borrowed. The crying is always much more natural, and a pinch or two will always command an unlimited supply, which tells greatly if it is a stranger's child.

† A very pretty peal of bells can be made with glasses, striking them sharply with a knife.

second placard, written "ALBERT." Noble Godfather is enraged, and holds up a third scroll with "JOHN" written on it. They all bow to Noble Godfather, and pretend to be delighted with his choice.

The ceremony is then gone through. The Clergyman sprinkles the Baby with the water. The Child cries on feeling the cold water, and Doating Mother nearly faints.

At the conclusion, *exeunt* all but Rich Father, Clergyman, Beadle, and Pew Opener.

Rich Father draws his purse, and pointing to it, asks the Clergyman how much he has to pay. Clergyman, smiling, demands five fingers. Rich Father shakes his head indignantly, and offers four. Clergyman appeals to the Beadle and Pew Opener, who not only support his price, but ask one finger each for themselves.

Rich Father is distracted, and falls back in horror. Drawing a sheet of paper from his pocket, he offers to give them a bill for the amount. They refuse, when exit Rich Father suddenly, followed by Clergyman, Beadle, and Pew Opener.



ACT III.

SURGEON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SURGEON.

POOR LABOURER.

HIS WIFE.

SPECTATORS.

POLICEMAN.

SCENE—*The interior of the Surgeon's shop, with a window at the end. A decanter of sherry, and a decanter of port, with a candle behind them, placed in the window for coloured bottles.*

Enter SURGEON, with several physic bottles in his hand, which he labels. He then takes a wash-hand basin from under the table for a mortar, and commences preparing more physic with rolling-pin pestle. (*A great noise heard in the passage without.*)



The Surgeon starts, and rushes to the door.

Enter POOR LABOURER, lying at full length on

a stretcher of clothes-basket, borne on the shoulders of SPECTATORS.



HIS WIFE follows close behind, weeping. She points to her Husband's bandaged leg, and informs the Surgeon, in impassioned action, that the Poor Man has been knocked down by a cab.*

Surgeon and Spectators turn aside and weep.

Poor Labourer is then placed on a table by the Surgeon. He examines the leg cautiously, the Man groaning loudly. Surgeon taking the Wife aside, informs her in tender pantomime, that it is necessary to remove the leg. Wife faints into the arms of Spectators.

They all express great pity for the poor Labourer. The Surgeon, taking from his pocket a bottle labelled "ETHER," pours some on his handkerchief, and covers the Man's face with it. In a minute or two the pain leaves him, and he laughs and mutters to himself.

Spectators are wonder-struck, and admire the great skill of the Surgeon.

The Poor Wife prays.

All the Spectators gather round the Poor Labourer, who by his snoring, is in a deep sleep, and whilst the operation is supposed to be



going on, the hearth-broom is bound to the knee of Poor Labourer. Presently he awakes, Spectators draw on one side, as he rubs his eyes and yawns after his sleep. He glances at his leg, and is overcome with delight, to find that it has been taken off without the least pain. He leaps from the table, and dances wildly about the room. His Poor Wife weeps for joy. The Spectators bless the Surgeon, who is so overcome by his feelings, that he also weeps.

Exeunt, all weeping.



* This if well done, will be even more effective than the murder scene in the "Dumb Man of Manchester."

FALSEHOOD.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.



ACT I.

FALSE--

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD NOBLEMAN. BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY. ARTIST.

SCENE—*Studio of Artist, with the music-stand for easel, and a large arm-chair near the curtains for the sitter.*

Enter ARTIST, who places a sheet of music for canvas on his easel, and prepares his colours from a work-box. (*A loud knock is heard in the passage.*) The Artist rushes to the door, and opening it, commences bowing, when

Enter OLD NOBLEMAN, escorting BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY. He



wears a star on his breast, and a large sash over his shoulder. His wig of tobacco is gracefully arranged over the forehead, and his whiskers are of the deepest puce silk. The Beautiful Young Lady is very attentive to him; and as he stands at the door to cough, from the exertion of ascending the stairs, she gently beats his back, to relieve him. He in gratitude takes her hand, and gazes fondly upon her, and chuckles her under the chin.

The Artist prepares the easy chair for him, and as he places the Old man in the desired attitude, the Young Lady clasps her hands, as if in admiration.

The Artist commences painting, falling back every now and then



to judge of the effect of his picture. Presently he points to his eyes, to tell that he is going to paint that part; and the Old Nobleman, looking at the Beautiful Young Lady, calls up a loving look. The Artist throws his hands up in admiration of the beautiful expression, and the Young Lady appears deeply smitten with the Old Man. To look the better upon his love, the Nobleman shifts his position. The Artist rushes to him to re-adjust the "*pose*," and, putting his hand upon the Old Lord's head to turn it round, knocks off his splendid wig of tobacco. The Beautiful Yong Lady screams, and hides her



face in her handkerchief; whilst the Artist clasps his hands in grief. The Old Nobleman, jumping from his seat, picks up his wig, and, shaking his stick at the wretched Artist, walks up and down the room with dignity and anger. Then taking the Young Lady's arm, he drags her from the room.

Exeunt, followed by the wretched Artist, in vain endeavouring to apologize.

ACT II.

--HOOD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD.

THE WOLF.

SCENE 1—*Supposed to be part of a forest.*

Enter LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD, with the red table-cover as a hood, She carries a basket on her arm, labelled "FOR MY GRANDMOTHER." She dances along, only stopping every now and then to pick a flower from the carpet. She points to the writing on the basket, and, imitating the actions of an old woman, informs the audience, as she laughs, that her Grandmother is a very old lady. Then she dances about again.



Enter THE WOLF, with a tight brown Mackintosh for skin, and a boa for his tail. He advances to Red Ridinghood, and commences flattering her. Little Red Ridinghood sits down on the flowery carpet, and listens to him. She points to the label on the basket and then to the door, to tell him that she is going to see her Grandmother. Then she shows him a large slice of bread, and a pot marked "JAM," which she is carrying to the old lady. The Wolf again compliments her, and, having winked,

Exit Wolf at full speed, followed by Red Ridinghood, dancing.

SCENE 2—*Bed-room in house of Poor Grandmother. The sofa against the wall, for a bed.*

Enter The Wolf, with a large well-filled nightcap, and spectacles on, and a sheet over his shoulders for nightgown. He jumps quickly into the bed, and, covering himself up, pretends to be asleep.



Enter Little Red Ridinghood, still dancing. She goes to the bed and shakes The Wolf, holding up the basket to let her supposed Grandmother see the present she has brought her.

The little girl then points to The Wolf's eyes, and expresses great wonder at their extraordinary size. Then she strokes his nose in astonishment at its unusual length. Then touching his mouth, she in action intimates that it is very large, when The Wolf suddenly jumps from the bed, howling.

Exit Red Ridinghood, running, pursued by The Wolf.



ACT III.

FALSEHOOD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD GENTLEMAN.	TWO THIEVES.	POOR LITTLE BEGGAR BOY.
POLICEMAN		BOOKSELLER.

SCENE—*A street in London must be imagined. On one side a table covered with music-books.*

Enter BOOKSELLER, who goes behind his stall, and, putting his hand on one side of his mouth, pretends to be crying his goods.

Enter OLD GENTLEMAN, in walking costume, and carrying a large umbrella.

Enter TWO THIEVES, in long drab coats, with large sticks under their arms, closely watching the Old Gentleman's actions. They have each of them got a well-burnt-corked black eye.

The Old Gentleman goes to the stall and examines the books.



He takes one, and, pulling from his pocket a well-filled purse, pays for it. The Two Thieves wink to each other, and point to the purse.

Enter POOR LITTLE BOY, who also goes to the stall to look at the books. The Two Thieves advance, and, cautiously lifting up the Old



Gentleman's pocket, take away his purse. The Old Gentleman feels them, and turns sharply round. The Two Thieves immediately seize the Poor Little Boy by the collar, and, pointing to him, declare that it was he, and that they caught him doing it.

Poor Little Boy begins crying, and, in violent pantomime, protesting his innocence. Old Gentleman, waving his umbrella, calls for police.

Enter POLICEMAN, with his staff drawn. The Old Gentleman goes through a descriptive scene of action to tell the tale; and the two wicked men nod to the constables in corroboration. The Little Boy is seized by them and carried off, kicking, and followed by Old Gentleman, shaking his fist at him.

One of the Two Thieves, drawing the purse from his pocket, holds it up in triumph. He is perceived by the Bookseller, who sees through the falsehood.

Exeunt the Two Thieves, rapidly followed by the Bookseller, with his mouth open, as if shouting for help.



COXCOMB.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

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ACT I.

COX-- (Cocks).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A COCK.

HENS.

FARMER'S WIFE.

A STRANGE COCK.

SCENE—*A Farm-yard must be imagined by the audience.*

Enter FARMER'S WIFE, carrying a basket. She cries, "Chuck chuck!"



and pretends to be throwing about food for the Chickens. Exit Farmer's Wife.

Enter HENS and a COCK, running as fast as they can, and flapping their arms for wings. They commence picking up the food, the Cock stalking proudly round them, and crowing. Every now and then he scratches with his feet and picks up the grain. He has a fine tail made with a feather-broom, and on his head is a comb of red cloth.

Enter a STRANGE COCK, running as fast as he can. He also begins picking up the grain. A Cock, on seeing him, flaps his wings, and stretching out his neck, crows lustily. The Strange Cock answers him. They crow to each other several times. At last they advance proudly to each other, and

jumping and flapping their wings, commence fighting. The hens look on. The Strange Cock is at last knocked down, and his conqueror, walking proudly round him, crows again and again.



Re-enter Farmer's Wife. She is surprised to see the dead Fowl. She drives off the Cock and Hens, and picking up the dead one, carries it away.

Re-enter A Cock, who begins scratching on the ground. At last he discovers a beautiful necklace of coral, among the supposed litter. He regards it for some time with his head knowingly on one side. Then he philosophizes. Pointing to his mouth, and then to the jewel, he shakes his head to intimate that he cannot eat it.

He turns from the necklace with an expression of contempt, and picking up an imaginary grain of corn from the carpet, he smiles, and again sneers at the coral beads, to tell the audience how much better the useful is than the ornamental.

Exit A Cock pompously.



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ACT II.

--COMB.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HUNGRY TRAVELLER.

LANDLADY.

POOR SERVANT.

SCENE—*The coffee-room at an hotel. Against the wall a placard labelled "SOUPS."*

Enter HUNGRY TRAVELLER in great haste, and looking at his watch. He stamps loudly and often, when

Enter LANDLADY, rubbing her hands, and curtsying. The Traveller, pointing to the placard of "Soups," and then to his mouth, orders her to bring him some. By stamping and frowning, he intimates that he is in a great hurry.



Exit Landlady quickly.

The traveller paces the room. Then taking a paper he reads for a moment, but soon throws it away. He again looks at his watch, and stamps violently.

Re-enter Landlady, bearing a basin supposed to contain soup. The Traveller smiles with joy, and seating himself, begins eating. On tasting it he smacks his lips and claps his hands with delight, his face wearing an expression of ecstasy. The Landlady is overcome by her feelings, and turns her head on one side. As he continues eating, she gazes fondly upon him, slowly shaking her head to tell how glad she is to see him enjoying himself. Suddenly the Hungry Traveller, throwing down his spoon, falls back in horror. The Landlady is alarmed, and by her actions, inquires the cause of his anger.

He still points to the basin, and the Landlady advancing, he takes from it a comb, that has accidentally dropped into the soup.

He is astonished, and holds it at arm's length as she examines it. Whilst the Hungry Traveller, with up-turned eyes, is rubbing his waistcoat, she rings the bell loudly.



Enter POOR SERVANT, with a Wellington boot in one hand, and a brush in the other. Landlady thrusting the comb in her face, stamps and shakes her head with passion.

The countenance of the Poor Servant wears an expression of joy on seeing her long-lost comb. Taking the comb, she throws away the boot, and presses it to her bosom, until Landlady losing all patience, seizes her by the arm and drags her from the room.

Exit Hungry Traveller, shaking his fist at the ceiling.



ACT III.

COXCOMB.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

IMPUDENT COXCOMB.

JEALOUS HUSBAND.
VISITORS.

BEAUTIFUL WIFE.

SCENE—A ball-room, with chairs placed for Visitors.

Enter JEALOUS HUSBAND and BEAUTIFUL WIFE arm in arm. His face wears a wretched expression, that tells that the “green-eyed monster” has been at work. As he hands his Wife to a seat, his bosom heaves with emotion, and he casts a half doubting look upon her.

Enter VISITORS dressed for the dance. They are received by the Jealous Husband and his Wife, who welcome them.

Enter IMPUDENT COXCOMB, wearing a large burnt-cork imperial, and holding his eye-glass up. He walks round the room looking at the ladies and laughing, when they modestly turn their heads aside. Presently he seats himself near one of the Visitors, and, looking full in her face, commences an imaginary conversation with her. She immediately rises, and with a look of scorn, leaves him. Impudent Coxcomb bursts into a fit of laughter, and holds his sides and stamps on the ground to express the capital fun he is having.

On turning round he is struck with the excessive beauty of Jealous Husband’s Wife. He rises and stands before her, examining her closely with his eye-glass. His face wears a nasty impudent expression.

The Lady don’t half like it, and turns her head aside, endeavouring to hide her emotion with her fan. Impudent Coxcomb at last is perceived by Jealous Husband, who bites his nails with rage, and leaning against the wall, watches him closely. At last the Coxcomb winks and kisses his hand to the Lady, who immediately rises with dignity from her



seat, and casting a withering look at the fellow, sails majestically from the room. Jealous Husband rushes forward, and seizing the Coxcomb by the neck, drags him towards the door. He resists, and is instantly knocked down by Jealous Husband. The Visitors all look delighted.

Exit Coxcomb, holding a handkerchief to his nose, and kicked out by Jealous Husband.



Re-enter Jealous Husband, leading in his Beautiful Wife. He kneels before her, and, with clasped hands, begs to be forgiven for his unjust suspicions. The Wife is affected to tears, and, turning her head aside, gives him her hand as a token of her love.



He kisses it madly, and all the Visitors weep.

At last rising, he, by his jumping about, invites the company to dance. They are all delighted, and choose their partners. (*Music.*)

Exeunt omnes, galloping.

WATCHMAN.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

WATCH--

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SAILOR.

JEW.

SCENE—*A street in Portsmouth—or supposed to be there.*

Enter a JEW, dressed in an old silk gown, and wearing a long beard of tobacco. He carries, fastened round his neck, and hanging before him, a work-box jewel-case. He looks about in all directions to see if any one is coming, and at last pointing to the door, rubs his hands and laughs, to intimate that he sees a customer.

Enter a SAILOR, smoking, and walking rather unsteadily. Sticking out of his pocket is seen the neck of a black bottle. The Jew, bowing and smiling, advances to him, and lifting the lid of his box, invites him to examine his jewels. The Sailor consents, and the Jew first shows him a ring, then a brooch, and at last a chain, each time lifting up

his hands and looking to the ceiling in admiration of the beauty of his articles. The Sailor disdainfully waves them from him, and, drawing his bottle, drinks. He then hands the liquor to the Jew, who wipes the neck, and throwing his head back, drinks until the Sailor snatches the bottle from him. The Jew smacks his lips with gusto, and taking from his box a huge watch and seals,* and holding it up

* The footman's silver watch is just the kind of one required. If he has not got one, or "it's being repaired," the coachman's brass tobacco-box will do; or even a soap dish with a paper front, will serve the purpose admirably.



before the Sailor, laughs knowingly. The Tar is surprised with the beauty of the watch, and taking it, examines it closely, looking at himself in its bright back. He offers the Jew money, which he indignantly refuses. To tempt him he puts the watch in the Sailor's waistcoat pocket, and falls back in admiration of the gentlemanly appearance it gives him. He holds up four fingers as the lowest price he can take.

The Sailor draws his handkerchief, and untying a knot at the end, offers him three brass card-counters. The Jew still refuses, and demands, in energetic action, to have his watch back again. The Sailor gazes on it, and at last pulling off his coat, tenders it with the three brass counters, as the purchase money. The Jew examines the coat closely, and then refuses, and the Sailor offers his waistcoat in addition. The Jew is moved by the earnestness of the Tar, and consents, shaking his head and throwing up his hands, to prove that he "loshish monish" by the transaction.

Exit the Sailor, dancing, and looking at himself in the bright watch-case.

The Jew smiles, and, picking up the jacket and waistcoat, exit winking.



ACT II.

--MAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

YOUNG MAN.	SCHOOLMISTRESS.	YOUNG LADY, (<i>in love with Young Man</i>).
	SCHOLARS.	SERVANTS. Dog.

SCENE—*The garden round the house of Schoolmistress. Over the door is a placard written, "SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES."*

Enter YOUNG MAN, walking very cautiously. He wears beautiful curly mustachios, and his body is concealed in a huge cloak. He, by pressing his bosom, and pointing to the placard, expresses his great devotion for somebody. (*The clock strikes nine.*)

The Young Man, picking up an imaginary stone, throws it gently against the door, and then hides himself. Nobody comes, and he repeats the signal.

Enter YOUNG LADY hurriedly, with her hair in papers, and a night-cap on, to intimate that it is the Scholar's bed-time. She



rushes towards Young Man, and wringing her hands, entreats him to be gone. He kneels at her feet, and swears by the ceiling to love her. She weeps, and, tearing herself away, exit rapidly.

The DOG begins barking violently, and several screams are heard inside the academy. The Young Man is alarmed, and hides himself. The Dog continues barking until the door is opened, when he rushes out, and bounding to the Young Man's hiding place, slides backwards and forwards before him, barking loudly.



Enter SCHOOLMISTRESS, bearing a placard written, "THERE IS A MAN IN THE HOUSE, A MAN IN THE HOUSE," which she waves energetically before her timid Scholars, who, trembling, follow her. They are all as white as flour, have their hair in papers, and wear night-caps. The Mistress points to her Dog, and orders her Scholars to advance. They all scream and shrink back.

Enter SERVANTS, armed with the spit and brooms. They are ordered by all the Scholars and Mistress to rush forward, but they only tremble and stand still. The Mistress drawing another placard written, "THIS DAY MONTH," holds it before the Servants.

The Young Man suddenly rises, and opening his cloak with his extended arms, discovers himself. Several of the Scholars scream and faint away, whilst the Mistress and Servants fall almost powerless against the wall. He advances to them, when a piercing scream is heard, and

Enter Young Lady, with her hair down her back to denote her



agony. She rushes forward and stands before the Young Man to protect him with her life. The Schoolmistress looks disgusted, and the Scholars revive rapidly. The Young Man, pointing to his Love, declares to the Schoolmistress his admiration for her Pupils, looking blandly on the ceiling, and pressing his waistcoat. He kneels to the Old Lady, and holding up his clasped hands, implores her to forgive the Young Lady. She refuses, and orders the weeping girl to enter the house, shaking her finger at her violently.

Exeunt omnes, when the bolts and bars are heard clanging within. The Young Man, striking his forehead, rushes forth madly.



ACT III.

WATCHMAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GAY YOUNG NOBLEMEN.

WATCHMEN.

OLD LADY.

SCENE—*A Street in London, in 1780, if possible. Against the wall the sofa standing up length-ways for a watch-box, and on the door a flat iron for knocker.*

Enter WATCHMEN in ranks, all in great-coats of dressing and flannel gowns, and with comforters and handkerchiefs round their mouths. Each one has a bed-room candlestick for lantern, and carries a rattle, or something very like one. One of them is left at the watch-box, and

Exeunt other Watchmen as the clock strikes twelve.

The Watchman immediately commences his rounds, with his hand



by the side of his open mouth, as if crying the hour. After a time he enters his box, and sitting down, goes fast asleep.

Enter GAY YOUNG NOBLEMEN, with stars in their breasts, and



all wearing mustachios, and carrying short sticks. One of them advances cautiously to the watch-box and peeps in; then beckoning his companions, they advance, and having blown out the candlestick-lantern, laugh and point to sleeping Man, slapping their thighs with delight. Then going to the door, they, with their short sticks wrench off the flat iron knocker, each one helping the other to pull.

Screams of OLD LADY within the house.

The Watchman rubs his eyes and yawns, when the Gay Young Noblemen rushing to the sofa box, pull it down and cover the man with it. A rattle is heard without.*

Enter Watchmen with drawn staves. They rush upon Gay Young Noblemen, who doubling their fists, throw themselves into boxing attitudes, and dance round the Watchmen. They fight, the Noblemen



knocking down the Watchmen repeatedly. At last all the Men are thrown on the ground. The Noblemen then burst out laughing once more. They hold their sides, and roll about with their mirth. When they have recovered themselves they pick up the Watchmen, and giving them money, dismiss them. Lifting up the sentry box, they release the other Man, who is no sooner on his legs than he runs off as fast as he can. The Noblemen once more burst into a fit of laughter, and waving the wrenched off knocker in the air, *exeunt* dancing and laughing.

* This is easily done by rattling a stick up and down the staircase railings.

FOOTBALL.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.



ACT I.

FOOT--

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE PRINCE.

NOBLES AND LADIES.

CINDERELLA.

HER SISTERS.

MUSICIANS.

HERALD.

SCENE 1—*Ball-room in the imaginary palace of the Prince.*

Enter MUSICIANS in splendid robes of chintz bed-curtains. They commence playing a gallop. (*Music.*)

Enter THE PRINCE, magnificently attired, galloping with a beautiful Lady.

Enter NOBLES AND LADIES, supposed to be in the costume of the period, who also gallop.

Enter HER SISTERS, dancing together. The couples go round the room two or three times, and then the gentlemen lead their partners to their seats.

Enter CINDERELLA, gracefully robed in a magnificent dressing-gown, and wearing feathers in her hair, and slippers on her feet. The whole of the Nobles start on seeing her, and, by their actions, intimate how very beautiful she is. The Prince is greatly moved, and gazes on her intently as he presses his bosom. Her two Sisters also point to her, and express their wonder at the richness of her costume. The Prince advances, and kneels before her. Then,



by dancing about, he invites her to join him in a *pas de deux*. She consents, and the music strikes up. (*They dance.*)

The whole company is delighted with Cinderella's graceful motion, and their applause grows each minute more enthusiastic.

(*The clock strikes twelve.*)

Cinderella starts, and darts from the room, followed by the company.

Re-enter Cinderella in her rags, her fine clothes having fallen off.* In her flight she drops one of her slippers.

Exit Cinderella.

Re-enter The Prince, and Nobles, and Ladies, in search of Cinderella. The Prince perceives the slipper, and, picking it up, points to it, and rushes forth, weeping.

Exeunt omnes, sorrowfully.

SCENE 2—*Chamber of Cinderella in the house of her two Sisters.*

Enter Cinderella, looking very melancholy. She seats herself in a corner, and weeps.

Enter her two Sisters in their ball dresses. They shake their fingers at Cinderella, and command her to come and take their veils



of window-curtains off. She obeys, weeping.

(*Herald's trumpet heard without.*)

Enter HERALD, blowing his trumpet of sheet of music. He carries a footstool, with Cinderella's slipper upon it. He invites the Sisters to try it on. They seat themselves, and endeavour to squeeze their feet into the slipper, but are unable, their faces expressing great pain at the operation.

The Herald is about to depart, when Cinderella begs to be allowed to try the slipper on.

The Sisters sneer at her, and command her to be gone. Kneeling, she implores the Herald, who is moved by her entreaties, and weeps.

* This is very easily done by turning the dressing-gown inside out.

She tries the slipper on, and it fits her foot admirably. The Herald immediately blows his trumpet, when

Enter the Prince and Nobles, and Ladies. The Herald points to Cinderella, and the Prince falls at her feet, whilst the Nobles and Ladies kneel before her. A crown of Jelly mould is placed upon her head, and a robe thrown over her shoulders. The Prince points to the door, and, taking her hand, leads her lovingly to it.

Exeunt omnes to a grand march on the piano.



ACT II.

--BATH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARAT.

EXECUTIONER.

SOLDIERS.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

SCENE—*Interior of Marat's room. The sofa is placed against the wall, with its back to the audience, to represent a bath.*

Enter MARAT, who, throwing off his dressing-gown, leaps into the bath. His face expresses the darkest thoughts, and he frowns deeply, and shakes his fist at the ceiling, to prove his great hatred of the "Aristocrats." He claps his hands three times as a signal.

Enter the EXECUTIONER, with a black silk mask over his eyes, and a black cloak over his shoulders. In his hand he carries the kitchen chopper for his axe. He bows before Marat, and then gives



him a sheet of paper and a pen. Marat writes, smiling savagely. Now and then he looks to the ceiling, thinks, and then writes again. This he does several times, laughing with joy. Handing the paper to the Executioner, he, by hitting the back of his neck with the side of his hand, commands him to execute them all.

The Executioner bows, and exit.

Enter CHARLOTTE CORDAY. She stands still for a moment, and looks to the ceiling, her heaving bosom telling the emotion she suffers. Then drawing from her waist a knife, she kisses it fondly, and points to Marat. As soon as she has, with an effort, composed herself, she hides the poignard behind her back, and advances lovingly to the bath.



Marat is delighted at seeing her, and kisses her hand. She smiles upon him, and, putting one arm round his neck, she raises the dagger and stabs him in the back. Marat screams, and falls.

Enter Guards, with drawn walking-sticks. Marat points to Charlotte Corday, and then falls back. (*He dies.*)

She is seized by the Guards, and led off, laughing and glorying in her deed. The dead body is carried out to slow music.



ACT III.

FOOTBATH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CODDLING OLD GENTLEMAN.

HIS HOUSEKEEPER.

SERVANT.

SCENE—*Front parlour of Coddling Old Gentleman. On the table several phials of medicine.*

Enter OLD GENTLEMAN from business, carrying his blue bag and umbrella. He is well wrapped up in his greatcoat, with his cloak over it, and round his mouth he wears a comforter. He runs up and down the room, to tell how cold he is.

Enter HOUSEKEEPER with a coaxing look on her face. She goes to him, and taking off his cloak, forces him into a chair, and undoes his clogs. The Coddling Old Gentleman sneezes. He turns his eyes up, and looks alarmed. His Housekeeper runs to him, inquiring, by her anxious looks, what is the matter with him. It is some time before he can answer, from apparent acute suffering. At last he draws from his pocket a placard, written "INFLUENZA." The Housekeeper immediately seems deeply concerned, and, placing a nightcap on his head, puts him into his dressing-gown. Then, as Coddling



Old Gentleman, with his head back, groans, she fetches in a footbath of hot water, and, placing a towel on his knees, makes him put his feet in. Having tallowed his nose, she takes from the cupboard a bottle, labelled "RUM," and forces the Coddling Old Gentleman to



swallow a glassful. He feels much better, and, with a great effort, extending his feeble hands, blesses her. By a sudden twitch, he intimates that his back gives him great pain, and she rubs it for him. Having given him his physic, she rings the bell.

Enter SERVANT, with a candle and the warming-pan.

Old Gentleman rises, and, having informed the Servant that he shall require the footbath with him,

Exit, leaning on Housekeeper, and sighing deeply, with his eyes shut as if in pain.

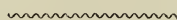
The Servant, having expressed, by her sneers and pointing at the door, her disgust for the Old Gentleman, lifts the pan, and

Exit, scarcely able to carry it.



JUBILEE.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.



ACT I.

JU— (Jew.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE.	ANTONIO.	BASSANIO.
MAGNIFICOES.	GRATIANO.	SHYLOCK.
PORTIA.	NERISSA.	

SCENE.—*A Court of Justice. The window-curtains draped about arm-chair throne, for the Duke's seat. Chairs around a table for learned Magnificoes.*

Enter DUKE, in splendid imitation Venetian costume, and followed by MAGNIFICOES robed magnificently. They carry large law books, and seem in deep thought. The Duke seats himself gracefully in the arm-chair throne, and the Magnificoes take their places at the table.

Enter BASSANIO and GRATIANO consoling ANTONIO. They are all attired in the costume of the period, as closely as it can be followed. Antonio is greatly depressed, and sighs frequently. In Bassanio's girdle is a bag labelled "6,000 DUCATS." The Duke gives a signal, and

Enter SHYLOCK, dressed in a long robe of old black silk dress, and carrying a carving-knife and a pair of scales. He grins and grinds his teeth on entering, to show that he is "incapable of pity." The Duke, pointing to Antonio, addresses a few gesticulations—as if appealing for mercy—to the Jew, who shakes his head, to show that he wont hear of such a thing. Bassanio offers him the bag, and with clasped hands implores him to accept it. The Jew, draw-

ing the bond of old newspaper from his bosom, points to it with his knife. Gratiano weeps, and the Magnificoes look distressed.



Enter **NERISSA**, dressed very much like a lawyer's clerk, and bearing a letter, which she hands to the Duke, who reads it, and then intimates, by bowing and beckoning to the door, that Portia is to be admitted.

The Jew commences sharpening his knife upon the sole of his boot. Bassanio, pointing to the blade, inquires in action "why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?" The Jew grinds his teeth and points to Antonio. Gratiano indignantly rebukes him, by stamping and shaking his fist at him.

Exit Nerissa.

Enter **PORTIA**, led in by Nerissa. She is robed as a Doctor of Laws, with an ermine tippet wig, and gown of black silk. She asks for the bond of old newspaper, and glances over it. Then pointing to Antonio, she nods her head and beckons the Jew to take his pound of flesh. Shylock throws open his arms and grins, as much as to say, "A Daniel come to judgment!" Gratiano weeps.

Antonio offers his breast, and the Jew is about to advance, when Portia stops him by thumping on the table—"Tarry a little, there is something else." When all eyes are fixed upon her, she exhibits a



placard written "NOT ONE DROP OF CHRISTIAN BLOOD." Gratiano is delighted, and dances about, pointing and laughing at the Jew.

Shylock bites his thumb and grinds his teeth with rage. Then pointing to the bag of ducats in Bassanio's hand, he offers to take them, but Portia will not allow him, and still points to Antonio.

Exit Shylock slowly, and looking much vexed.

Antonio and Bassanio embrace. The Duke and Magnificoes compliment in joyous pantomime the talents of Portia, and Gratiano bows to Nerissa.

Exeunt omnes, delighted.



ACT II.

--BILEE. (Billy.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD LADY.

HER DAUGHTER.

HER SON.

FOOTMAN.

A BILLY GOAT.

SCENE—*A lawn in front of Old Lady's house. Against the wall a rope is fastened.*

Enter HER SON, leading A BILLY GOAT, which he fastens to the rope. The goat has large horns of shoe-horns, and a long beard of wadding. When Her Son has tied the animal up, he seizes it by the horns and teazes it, by pushing it backwards and forwards. The brute rears up and attempts to butt at him, but he catches it by the beard, and forces it to be quiet. When he has made the brute very vicious,

Exit Her Son dancing.

Enter OLD LADY and HER DAUGHTER, walking with their parasols up, on the lawn. Directly the Billy Goat sees them, it makes a bound forwards, and snapping the rope, attacks them.

The Old Lady jumps upon an imaginary stone wall of chairs, and defends herself by poking her parasol at the infuriated creature.

Her daughter attempts to fly, and is immediately pursued by the Billy Goat, who butts at her and knocks her down. The Old Lady



still remains on her chair wall, and screams loudly. The Goat keeps on butting at Her Daughter.

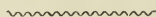
Enter FOOTMAN, armed with a broom, hurrying to rescue Old Lady and Her Daughter. He attacks the Billy Goat, until the brute, leaving the Daughter, rushes towards him, when, throwing down the broom, he takes to flight. The Goat pursues him, butting, until



at last he too is knocked down close to Her Daughter. They are too frightened to move, and remain screaming on the ground. The Billy then rushes at the Old Lady, and keeps ambling round her. She screams lustily, when

Enter Her Son, who rushes manfully at the Goat. They fight. At last he seizes the Billy by the beard, and forces it to remain quiet. Directly it is caught, the Footman jumps up, and runs off, followed by the Old Lady, and Her Daughter.

Exit her Son, laughing, and leading the Billy Goat by the beard.



ACT III.

JUBILEE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.
POLICEMEN.

GUARDS.
LITTLE BOYS.

THEIR HORSES.
MOB.

SCENE 1—*A street in London. Candles are placed about the room to represent illuminations.*

Enter LITTLE BOYS in pinafores, hurra-ing. They dance about the room. Then fetching music books, they make an imaginary bonfire,

which they stir up with a broom-handle. They all jump round it with their hands on one side of their open mouths as if shouting



with delight. Some of them run through the middle of the supposed flames.

Exeunt Little Boys, carrying bonfire and hurra-ing.

SCENE 2—*Another street in London, magnificently illuminated with drawing-room candles placed on the top of the pictures against the wall.*

Enter LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, who stand still, and holding up their hands, admire the beautiful illuminations. They point out to each other the great splendour of the designs, and appear charmed with the effect of the candles.



Enter MOB, pushing. Ladies and Gentlemen endeavour to escape, but are carried along in the stream. One of the Mob picks a gentleman's pockets and hands the contents to his companions.

Enter a POLICEMAN hastily. He hits the Mob on the head, and forcing his way through them, seizes hold of the pickpocket.

The Mob rescue him. (*Confusion.*)

Exeunt Ladies and Gentlemen as soon as they can, followed by the Mob, fighting with the Policeman.

SCENE 3—*Supposed to be Hyde Park.*

Enter Ladies and Gentlemen, and Mob, who place themselves before the door in rows.

Enter a detachment of GUARDS on their CHARGERS, who ride up and down before the Mob, every now and then making their Chargers prance in among the people, to keep the crowd back.

Enter Policemen, who rush in amongst the noisy Mob, and drag out Little Boys, and take them off to the Station-house.

Suddenly a bell rings in the passage, and is followed by the sh-e-e-e-ew of an ascending rocket. The Mob follow its supposed ascent with their eyes, and on its explosion cry o-o-o-oh! Several rockets are let off one after another, and at each one the Mob cry



o-o-o-oh and look up to the ceiling. At last the frequent explosions and cries announce that the grand shower has wound up the entertainment.

The clock strikes twelve, when *exeunt omnes*, rushing to the door.

PIG-TAIL.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

PIG--

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SHOW-KEEPER.
THE LEARNED PIG TOBY.

HIS WIFE.
SPECTATORS.

SCENE—*The interior of a show with chairs placed round for spectators. Against the door the music Canterbury for an organ.*

Enter SHOW-KEEPER and HIS WIFE dressed in a man's greatcoat. She seats herself at the organ and commences playing.

(Music on the Piano.)

The Showman bending forward, puts his hand to one side of his mouth, as if shouting. He beckons the people outside to walk up,



holding forth a placard, written "ONLY A PENNY." At last he takes up a trumpet of roll of music, and blows through it.

Enter SPECTATORS, who pay their money at the organ and take their places. The organ still continues playing, and the Showman blows his trumpet louder and louder until the Spectators grow im-

patient, and advance to His Wife, holding out their hands to receive their money back. Showman pacifies them, and having shut the door, leads from the window-curtains the PIG TOBY. It has a blue ribband round its neck, and its skin of white mackintosh is beautifully clean. The Showman points to the Spectators, who are clapping their hands, and the Pig grunts three times. His Wife taking from her great-coat pocket a pack of cards, hands them to the audience, who choose a card. The pack is then spread in a circle upon the ground, and the Showman pointing to it, stamps his foot to command the Pig to point out the chosen card.

The Pigs, grunting, advances to the circle.

(Soft music on the Organ.)

At last Toby stands before a card and grunts. The Spectators shake their heads to intimate that the Pig has made a mistake.

The Showman beats Toby with a stick. *(Great squeaking.)*

The animal begins again and at last stands before the right card.



The Spectators clap their hands for joy.

The Showman then dances, and invites Toby to do so also. The Pig stands on its hind feet and endeavours to perform a jig. The Audience is delighted, and laughs merrily.

At last the Pig taking a plate in its mouth, goes round to the



Audience to collect halfpence, when

Exit the Audience rapidly, followed by Toby, and the Showman and His Wife sneering.



ACT II.

--TAIL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BOLD PERFORMER. OTHER ACTORS. AUDIENCE. RAGING LION.

SCENE—*Interior of a Theatre. Candles are placed for lamps before the stage, and seats are arranged for the Audience and orchestra.*

Enter THE AUDIENCE running over the seats, and scrambling, and pushing for the best places. Several screams are heard, and a fight takes place at the door. At last all are seated, when

Enter MUSICIANS, who gaze for some time upon the Audience, until whistling and clapping of hands begin, when they commence tuning their instruments. A bell is heard and the music strikes up, the Audience all seating themselves. (*Music.*)

The curtain rises.

The scene is supposed to represent a desert in Arabia. Against the wall the window-curtains are drawn close, and the roaring of a Lion is heard behind them.

The Audience all point to the curtains to tell that they know where the Lion is.

Enter ACTORS, dressed as a Prince and his followers, as richly as possible.

Enter BOLD PERFORMER in bonds of jack-chain. He wears a large cloak, and walks proudly, sneering at the Prince. He is ordered to bow the knee, but haughtily refuses. The Prince points to the curtains. (*Terrific roarings again heard.*)

Bold Performer starts, but recovering himself, sneers at Prince. The Prince stamps his foot and the curtains are drawn open, and discover the LION roaring. He has a fine mane of drawing-room mat, and a long tail of bell-rope, the tassel dragging on the ground.

The Audience applaud the Lion, who is confined in his cell by the rails of a folding clothes-screen.



The Prince gives the signal, and the Lion is let loose. It rushes to the Bold Performer and couches before him. The Audience applaud. He puts his foot on the beast, and opens his hands to the Spectators, who cheer. Then holding out one arm, he makes the Lion jump over it. Next he makes the brute lie down, and he uses him in a graceful attitude for his pillow.

Renewed applause.

Last of all having closely examined the Lion's tail, he opens its jaws, and puts his head into its mouth. Pointing to the tail, he draws a placard, written "DOES IT WAG?" and shows it to the Prince.

(The Lion lashes its tail.)



The Prince with a look of horror nods his head, but in an instant the Bold Performer's head is bitten off.* Bold Performer falls down. The Audience scream, faint, and rush to the door, when *exeunt*.

The Lion is secured and led off by Actors, and the Bold Performer, supported by the Prince, staggers off. *Exeunt omnes*.



* It is for this point that the Bold Performer wears a cloak. He must cleverly slip it over his head, on which is placed a piece of red silk.

ACT III.

PIGTAIL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOLLY TARS.

THEIR SWEETHEARTS.

CAPTAIN.

BARBERS.

MARINES.

SCENE—*The front drawing-room quarter-deck of one of H. M. ships. The bolster on the Canterbury for a cannon.*

Enter JOLLY TARS, with long pigtails of boas and twisted handkerchiefs. They are all putting quids of tobacco into their mouths. They shake hands, and dance hornpipes.

Enter CAPTAIN, wearing a paper cocked-hat, and hair-brush epaulets. His sword hangs by his side. Drawing it, he orders silence by stamping. Taking from his pocket a placard, he holds it up before the audience, and on it is written, "PIG-TAILS MUST BE CUT OFF DIRECTLY!"



The men fall back in horror, they then advance with clasped hands imploringly to the Captain, who refuses, until at last he is overcome by the touching spectacle, and weeps, dashing away the tear with manly action. He stamps, when

Enter MARINES with brooms for muskets. They stand in a file, and having gone through their exercises, drive back the Sailors.

Enter BARBERS with their coats off, and aprons on. They carry combs and scissors. The men collect in a group and grumble. The Captain orders a Sailor to advance, and he refuses, folding his arms. Captain waves his sword. The Marines present brooms, and are about to charge, when



Enter SWEETHEARTS, hurriedly. They stand with open arms before the Jolly Tars, determined to protect their lovers with their lives.

Captain and Marines weep, Sweethearts by their loving actions, persuade the Jolly Tars to submit, imploring them with clasped hands to go to the chair. Two advance unwillingly. The Barbers cut off their pig-tails. Their weeping Sweethearts pick them up,



and kissing them fondly place them in their bosoms. The whole of the men undergo the operation, each one on leaving the chair shaking his fist at the trembling Barber. But the Marines protect the Hair Cutters, and with their brooms drive back the Sailors.

Exeunt Sailors, leaning on their Sweethearts' arms. The Marines once more go through their gun-exercises, when *exeunt*, led off by Captain, and followed by Barbers.

BUGBEAR.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

BUG--

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

YOUNG MAN.

LANDLADY.

SERVANT.

SCENE—*An Apartment at a Lodging-house. The sofa for bedstead placed on one side of the room.*

Enter YOUNG MAN, being shown into the room by LANDLADY, the SERVANT following with his carpet bag. The Landlady places the



candle on the table, and having dusted the chairs

Exit with Servant. The Young Man takes off his coat and jumps into bed. He has scarcely been there a minute before he jumps up again and intimates that some thing has fallen on his face. He waits a few seconds, and then suddenly slaps his cheek sharply, as if to kill some thing. Then he commences scratching himself. At last finding he cannot sleep he jumps up, and taking the candle, commences an active search over the bed. At last he falls back, shuddering with horror, as he points to his bed. He flies to the bell and pulls it violently.



Enter Landlady and Servant rapidly, and wearing an expression of surprise on their faces. The Young Man invites them to come and



examine the bed, at the same time scratching himself vigorously. The Landlady is greatly surprised on beholding the strange visitor, and taking from the cupboard a bottle labelled "POISON," commences putting some on the joints of the sofa bedstead, with the feather end of a quill. She then invites the youth to once more try the bed. But he shakes his head as he still scratches himself, and pointing to the arm-chair, vows he will sleep there. The Landlady endeavours to reassure him, but he only shakes his head the more. At last she beckons him to follow her, and he consents, taking his clothes.

Exit Youth and Landlady. The Servant also begins scratching her neck, and feeling alarmed, rushes from the room.

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ACT II.

--BEAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

|                  |            |               |
|------------------|------------|---------------|
| QUEEN ELIZABETH. | COURTIERS. | BEAR BAITERS. |
| DOGS.            | BEAR.      |               |

SCENE—*As close a representation of the Bear Gardens of old, as can possibly be managed. The sofa must be placed for a visitors' gallery, and the arm chair for a throne.*

Enter the QUEEN and all her COURTIERS. She wears a huge frill of paper round her neck and the jelly mould for crown on her head, In her hand is the bright poker for sceptre. The Courtiers all wear, if convenient, the costume of the period.

Enter BEAR BAITERS leading in the huge BEAR, made grisly with

the door mats. It is fastened to one of the legs of the sofa with a long cord. The Baiters commence teasing the brute with long poles of broom handles.

Enter the DOGS, who begin barking and dancing round the Bear, who raises himself on his hind legs, and prepares to receive them.



Every now and then he knocks one over with his paw, and then the Queen and all her Courtiers wave their pocket-handkerchiefs with delight. The Baiters urge on the Dogs, clapping their hands, and hissing behind them. The Bear is surrounded by the savage animals that fasten on him in all directions. The Court is in a delirium of delight, and stand up to see the sport the better, when the bear making a spring snaps his cord. The Queen is alarmed, and the Courtiers draw their swords of walking-sticks. They beckon to the Baiters to seize the Bear, but the men are afraid, and throwing down their poles, fly. The Dogs are knocked over in all directions by the savage brute, and those that are able, run off yelping. Some of the Courtiers leaping into the Garden attack the Bear, and after a fight lead it off.



*Exeunt* the Queen hurriedly, and followed by rejoicing Court.



## ACT III.

## BUGBEAR.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NERVOUS OLD GENTLEMAN.

HIS POOR RELATION (*A Sponge.*)

SERVANT.

SCENE—*Dining-room in the house of Nervous Old Gentleman. The table is prepared for dinner.*

Enter NERVOUS OLD GENTLEMAN dressed for dinner. He places bottle of wine on the table, and taking up the newspaper, reads.

Enter SERVANT with the dishes, Old Gentleman rubs his hands, and pulls his chair to the table. He looks under the dish-cover, and smacks his lips with delight. Then taking up his knife he sharpens it. (*A knock heard without.*)

Enter HIS POOR RELATION hastily. Nervous Old Gentleman on



seeing him falls back in his chair, and lets the knife fall from his hand with horror. He remains with his eyes fixed on the ceiling with a look of anguish, whilst Poor Relation smiling pretends to be startled at having come at dinner time, and drawing a chair to the table, seats himself. Nervous Old Gentleman rises from his seat, and with his face red with passion, paces the room with his hands in his pocket.

Poor Relation, pointing to the dish, invites him to be seated, but he refuses, shaking his head violently, and only walking the quicker. Poor Relation immediately uncovers the dishes and commences eating, the Old Gentleman remaining rooted to the spot with astonishment at his impudence. He shakes his fist at him and dances about with rage, but the other is too busy with his knife and fork to see him.

He helps himself to wine and drinks it, when the Old Gentleman can contain himself no longer, and rushing to the table he seizes the bottle, and holds it under his arm. But his visitor will not be insulted, but continues eating very quietly.



At last, when he has finished, he rises from the table, and having in action informed his host how delicious the dinner was by smacking his lips, and looking at the ceiling, he takes up the wrong hat, and leaving his old one, takes his departure. The Old Gentleman is electrified with this last act, and is for a time unable to move. At last, recovering his faculties, he rushes from the room.



# NEIGHBOUR.

## A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

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ACT I.

NEIGH--

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DARIUS.	SIX CONSPIRATORS.	THEIR CHARGERS.
	GROOM TO DARIUS.	HIS HORSE.
PERSIAN GENERALS AND SOLDIERS.		PERSIAN CITIZENS.

SCENE—*An imaginary plain of vast extent. Lamps are lowered, to denote that the sun has not yet risen.*

Enter DARIUS on foot, accompanied by his GROOM leading HIS HORSE. Darius is magnificently dressed in robes of scarlet drugget, and wears a turban of Indian shawl. He, by his actions, informs his Groom, who kneels before him, that he must, together with the Horse he leads, conceal himself behind the drawing-room curtains.



The Groom salaams in answer, and taking the purse offered him by Darius, hides himself with His Horse.

Exit Darius.

Re-enter Darius on His Charger, surrounded by SIX CONSPIRATORS, all magnificently dressed and mounted. They shake hands, and then drawing themselves up in a line, await the rising of the sun.

The lamps are turned on, to intimate that the sun has just risen. Immediately The Groom, drawing aside the curtains, discovers himself and His Horse. The Charger of Darius, on perceiving his companion, neighs to it in recognition.

The Six Conspirators, descend from THEIR CHARGERS, and stand in a row before Darius, who remains mounted. They bend the knee as a sign of their obedience. Darius courteously begs of them to rise, and they remount their chargers.



Enter PERSIAN GENERALS in full armour of dish-cover breast-plates, and turbans of rich shawls and scarfs. They lead on their troops, carrying spears of brooms, and banners of fire-screens. The Generals bend the knee to Darius, who, by his affable pantomime, wins their love. The Generals, drawing their swords of walking-sticks, deliver them to the king, who immediately returns them. A crown of jelly mould is placed on the head of Darius. The troops pretend to shout with loyalty, and wave their spears and banners high in the air.

Enter CITIZENS, appearing to shout, and dancing for joy. Darius addresses them in a few energetic gestures, frequently striking his breast. The Citizens are melted to tears. They all kneel. The king distributes among them pieces of card counter money.

Exeunt procession to grand march on the piano.



ACT II

-BOUR (Boar).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A COUNT, (*in love with A Lady*).

GERMAN HUNTSMEN.

A LADY, (*in love with A Count*).

SERVANTS.

HORSES.

DOGS.

BOAR.

SCENE represents, if possible, a wood in Germany. Huge trees are supposed to be visible on all sides.

Hunting chorus on the pianoforte, at first at a great distance, and gradually increasing, when

Enter A COUNT on horseback, and surrounded by GERMAN HUNSMEN also mounted, and SERVANTS holding back the impatient DOGS. The Count has his trousers tucked up, to show his Wellington boots, and wears a belt round his frock coat, and a feather in his hat. He is armed with a long spear of broom or curtain-rod, and has several knives in his belt. The Huntsmen also wear imitation romantic German costumes, and carry long spears. A flask is passed round, from which they all drink. A horn is heard without.

Enter a LADY on foot, escorted by two servants, who hold her horse. She wears a long riding-habit of table-cover, and is armed with a short spear of bright poker. The Count, on seeing her, is startled, and expresses, by pressing his bosom, his love for her. He advances humbly towards her. She informs him in impassioned



pantomime—à la Nesbitt—that she will join in the chase. The Count is alarmed, and turns aside in sorrow. He then implores her,

on his knees, to go back. She refuses. The Huntsmen mount their steeds.

Exeunt omnes, the Count escorting the Lady.

Enter a wild BOAR,* growling, he squats on the ground, and looks around.

The sounds of trumpets and the barking of dogs heard without.

Exit Boar rapidly.

Re-enter Boar, pursued by Dogs and Huntmen, who cast their spears of brooms at the animal. The Dogs gain upon the Boar, who makes for the jungle of window-curtains. He is instantly surrounded by the Dogs. Several of them he is supposed to gore with his shoe-horn tusks.

The Huntsmen urge the Dogs on.

Enter the Lady, attended by the Count. Making a signal to the Count, she rushes at the Boar with pointed bright poker, and attacks it fiercely. The Boar springs upon her, and the Huntsmen drop their spears with alarm as they perceive her overthrown by the savage animal.

The Count for a moment wrings his hands, then drawing his hunting-knife of walking-stick, he rushes boldly on the Boar, which immediately leaves the Lady, to engage the Count.

(Terrific combat.)



The Count is wounded, and fights on one knee, when he slays the Boar.

The Count has his wounds dressed by the Lady, who binds her handkerchief round his arm. Then falling on one knee, he declares his passion for her in amatory pantomime. She, turning her head on one side from modesty, accepts him.

Huntsmen group around the lovers, holding their hats high in

* It will require great ingenuity in the making-up of the Boar. A brown makintosh closely buttoned, might do for the skin, and on an emergency shoe-horns could be used for tusks.

the air, as if cheering, whilst the dead Boar is placed in clothes-basket, and hoisted upon the shoulders of the Servants.

(*Grand tableau.*)



Exeunt in procession, the piano performing Huntsman's march, dying away in the distance.

ACT III.

NEIGHBOUR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SICK GENTLEMAN.

HIS WIFE.

NEIGHBOURS.

SCENE—*The stage is divided by a screen into two rooms; one of them represents the bed-chamber of Sick Gentleman, with the curtains arranged as a bed. Chairs, &c.*

Enter SICK GENTLEMAN with nightcap and dressing-gown on. He is very weak, and bends his knees whilst walking. HIS WIFE follows bearing the night-shade and the warming-pan. The Sick Gentleman seats himself, whilst His Wife warms the bed behind the curtains, and having given her Husband his physic, puts him to bed. She remains by his side until the invalid snores, then exit on tip-toe.

Enter into the other room the NEIGHBOURS. One of them carries a large band-box drum, and the others trumpets of rolls of music. They place upon the table a black bottle and glasses, and commence drinking. Then, preparing their instruments, they begin playing.
(*Music.*)



The Sick Gentleman is roused from his sleep, and starts up in his bed. He gazes wildly around, and shakes his fist at the screen. He in vain tries to go to sleep.

Enter His Wife, wringing her hands. She rushes to the wall of screen, and knocks against it loudly, but the musicians do not hear her, and continue their concert.

Sick Gentleman puts on his dressing-gown, and jumping out of bed, paces the room with indignant strides. At last, taking a book, he seats himself, and leaning over the rush-light shade, tries to read.

The Neighbours at last lay aside their instruments to replenish their glasses.

The sick man throws away the book, and is helped by His Wife once more into his bed, and again he snores.

The Neighbours now begin dancing to a drum accompaniment, opening their mouths as if singing, whilst hand in hand they are jumping round the table.

The Sick Gentleman is once more aroused. Nearly driven mad, he rages and jumps about the room in an agony of desperation. He throws the book against the screen, and dashes his night-cap on the floor.

His Wife is alarmed, and putting on her bonnet and shawl, stamps on the floor, and pointing to the screen, rushes out indignantly.



Enter the Wife into Neighbours' room. She goes through the pantomime process of informing them that her husband is sick in the next house. She thumps the table, and shakes her fist at them. They all laugh, and the drum strikes up again. Full of indignation, she rushes from the room, followed by Neighbours.



Sick Gentleman, surprised at this renewal of the noise, draws his dressing-gown round him, and pulling his night-cap tightly on his head, hurries from the room, shaking his fist at the ceiling to tell that he will be revenged.



ALPHABETICAL LIST

OF WORDS THAT CAN BE ACTED AS CHARADES.



Air-pump.	Car-boy.	I-dol.	Pa-trol.
Al-tar.	Club-foot.	Ill-bred.	Pay-day.
Art-ful.	Cock-ade.	In-step.	Phan-tom.
Back-bite.	Corse-let.	Jack-all.	Pic-nic.
Bag-pipe.	Cow-slip.	Jack-daw.	Pi-lot.
Band-age.	Crack-nell.	Jew-el.	Plate-rack.
Bed-lam.	Crib-bage.	Key-hole.	Pole-cat.
Bed-rid.	Cross-bow.	Lamp-black.	Pol-lute.
Be-head.	Cross-patch.	Lap-dog.	Por-trait.
Bell-man.	Cut-lass.	Lap-pet.	Post-boy.
Be-wail.	Cy-press.	Lay-man.	Pup-pet.
Black-smith.	Dew-drop.	Leap-frog.	Ring-let.
Blind-fold.	Dish-cloth.	Linch-pin.	Sack-cloth.
Blis-ter.	Di-vine.	Load-stone.	Sauce-box.
Blood-hound.	Dog's-nose.	Mad-cap.	See-saw.
Boat-swain.	Dol-phin.	Ma-stiff.	Sham-rock.
Book-worm.	Don-key.	Mess-mate.	Snuff-box.
Boot-jack.	Dove-tail.	Milk-sop.	Spin-ster.
Brace-let.	Duc-tile.	Mis-shape.	Sur-tout.
Breast-knot.	Eye-lash.	Mis-take.	Sweet-heart.
Breast-plate.	Fag-got.	Muf-fin.	Time-piece.
Brick-bat.	Fish-fag.	Neck-cloth.	Toi-let.
Bride-cake.	Foot-pad.	Nick-name.	Tom-boy.
Buck-et.	Gowns-man.	Night-mare.	Tooth-pick.
Bull-dog.	Grand-child.	Night-shade.	Turn-spit.
Bull's-eye.	Hair-dye.	Nine-pins.	Ward-robe.
Bul-rush.	Ham-let.	Nose-gay.	Waist-coat.
Can-teen.	Hand-cuff.	Out-fit.	Wel-come.
Cap-tain.	Harts-horn.	Par-don.	Whit-low.
Cat-call.	Heads-man.	Par-son.	Wil-ful.
Cat-sup.	Hem-lock.	Paste-board.	
Cat-gut.	Hen-peck.	Patch-work.	

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